The Nation.

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The Week.

In his dealings with the Panama Commission, President Roosevelt has gone far towards justifying Senator Tillman's description of him as an undeniably "patriotic man," who yet allows no obstacles of legality or propriety to deter him when bent on doing something. So bad an impression has his latest way of rushing to his goal made upon the Senate, that not one friendly Senator was found to make objection when unanimous consent was asked to have all of the President's Commission appointments recalled and held under consideration. The whole affair is in a sad tangle. At the very moment the President is trying to fill the Commission, a bill is actively pushed to abolish it altogether. In such circumstances, Mr. Roosevelt's nominees may well feel like the Lord Chancellor out of office, who, when asked what he had to say about "the situation," replied that the main evil of it was that he had no situation.

We have a fresh illustration of the sort of "ruler" who, as President Roosevelt said in his message, "sprang up" in Santo Domingo, and was wise enough to turn to the White House to "appeal to us to help"; and it seems to show that the "chaos" which Mr. Roosevelt said he was preventing has supervened. It has been asserted by American correspondents in the island that President Morales dared not leave the "seat of government," lest he fall out of that seat altogether, or be assassinated if he showed himself in public to his loving subjects. An adventurer such as he is must live in constant uncertainty what he will be doing next day; and if he has become persuaded that his fine scheme of sustaining himself in power by the aid of President Roosevelt is about to fail, nothing would be more natural than for him to run away. He is grandiloquently referred to as "General Morales" by some of President Roosevelt's supporters; but the man is, in reality, a renegade priest. He left the priesthood because he found the vows of celibacy irksome. After he had intrigued himself into the Dominican Congress, and before he had fought his treacherous way to the Presidency, he introduced a bill permitting priests to marry.

The only piece of benevolent Philippine legislation vouchsafed by the Fifty-eighth Congress was the bill providing for the construction of railroads. Bids have been advertised for, and some received, but on Thursday, Secretary Taft, after consultation with the Bureau of Insular Affairs and Gov. Wright, decided to reject all the proposals in hand, change the terms somewhat, and begin over again. Just what the competing offers were, or on what points they were unsatisfactory, has not been made known. Yet the task of allotting these contracts or concessions is not only complicated and difficult, but very much out of our line. Several of the proposed routes are laid out in undeveloped regions where immediate profits from operation are absolutely out of the question. Secretary Taft and the other Philippine experts were so sure of the unattractive character of the business proposition presented that they persuaded Congress to authorize a 4 per cent. guarantee of returns on the capital of the new roads. Undoubtedly, it would be easy to get bidders on some lines, but our purpose is defeated unless the whole network is constructed. The first attempt having failed, bids will again be opened in January, and contractors who are willing to forego the guarantee of profits, will be offered every possible other inducement. It is much better policy than that of the old-time prodigal land-grants, but paternalism and State-aid do not appear to mix well with cold business principles.

The most noteworthy feature of the relations between the United States and Tahiti in the past has been the annual payment of $45,000 for the transportation of ten mails a year—aggregating some 400 pounds of letters and 6,000 of merchandise and printed matter—to that delectable island. It was our impression that this $6.50 a pound rate was cut off last year and the figure restored to something nearer the $350 a year which we had paid for mail transportation by sailing vessel in the nineties. So it can hardly have been one of the subsidized steamships that brought the rumor to the French inhabitants that Uncle Sam was preparing to buy the island. The price mentioned, too, is extremely high: four million dollars for about 15,000 population is equivalent to $266 apiece, whereas we bought the Filipinos, in Reed's phrase, "for $2 a head, unpicked," and these are the last quotations we have on desirable islands. We should be exceedingly loath to disappoint the estimable Tahitians, but we fear that, with the Philippine Tariff bill on a snag in the House, Porto Rican citizenship still a matter for dispute, and our administration of its affairs under fire, this is hardly a propitious time to put through a bill paying for more insular possessions.

The commission appointed by the President last summer to recommend revision of the naturalization laws had no difficult task, inasmuch as it would be hard to propose any change in the present system that would not be a change for the better. Their report now made strikes first at the more obvious absurdities and inequalities. It has been unjust to the last degree that some courts should make it notoriously easier than others to attain citizenship, while it is simply ridiculous that the process should cost less at one place than another. The commission would make naturalization purely a Federal function, would issue a uniform certificate on petition three months in advance, and would abolish the two years' "declaration of intention" entirely. Naturalization is meanwhile to be restricted to persons who intend to remain permanently in this country and who understand the English language. As to the last proviso, there may be difference of opinion, for at least a plausible plea might be made as to the fitness for citizenship of residents of largely foreign-born communities here, who retain their mother tongue and yet take an interest in our affairs. It must be remembered, in this connection, how much the States themselves have done to give value to the certificate of nationalization. When it was possible for a man to vote in many Western States on his first papers, or no papers at all, strictness in the granting of final papers was not so necessary as at present.

There must be almost as much satisfaction in being called "game" and a "good fellow" by the President of the United States as in being appointed to a postmastership. At least, that thought is all the ex-postmaster of Kokomo, Ind., had for Christmas solace. On December 6, it will be remembered, announcement was made, in the customary unofficial way, of a new policy in reference to Presidential postmasters. "When the term of such an official has expired," so the plan was outlined, "he will be continued in the service if his record is reported to be 'good' or 'excellent.'" The man from Kokomo blunderingly supposed that such a case as his own was referred to. Even the Congressman who had recommended his successor spoke in high terms of his conduct of the office, and introduced him at the White House. "I wanted," he said modestly, "to understand the scope of the recent order." The President told him that the other man was to be appointed, and he said that he acquiesced. But, just for curiosity's sake, we should like to know what *was* "the scope of the recent order." To whom does it apply?

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Does it apply to anybody? Why was it put out at all if the first case arising under it was to be decided in contravention of it? What *is* the existing policy regarding postmasterships? This case was apparently settled on the theory that postmasterships belong to Congressmen—the very doctrine which the President so effectively demolished only last year. Can it be that a general and immutable rule of conduct is not regarded as "practical" in the White House?

Another railway rate bill has been introduced in Congress, this one by Senator Dolliver of Iowa. The list of such bills is now long and imposing. Each, according to "intimations from high sources," has "the backing of the Administration." This is as it should be. Whatever bill, however amended, shall finally pass will be "the Administration bill." The failures will be credited to their self-sacrificing sponsors. Senator Dolliver wants each member of the Interstate Commerce Commission to receive $10,000 a year, instead of $7,500. The additional $2,500 is intended to persuade good men to serve, and thus to remove the objection that the Commission is "a refuge for the politically distressed." It is by no means certain, however, that the higher salary would produce the effect intended. Men of the right calibre take places on the Interstate Commerce Commission, as on the bench, not for the sake of the pay, but for the sake of the honor and the opportunity to perform an important public service. Some of the best men who have ever been on the Commission—Judge Alfred M. Cooley, for example—have accepted the lower salary. The distress of decayed statesmen and other bone-hunters would be rendered only the more acute by the sight of an extra $2,500 on which they might lay their prehensile fingers.

One indirect result of the Burton prosecution is the demand in Kansas that when next a Senator is to be chosen, the people may have something to say about it. Newspapers of the State are printing many letters from their readers urging that some such plan be agreed upon before 1907, when Burton's term expires. The Topeka *Capital* reports "a more general and wholesome popular interest than has been shown in a Senatorial election in perhaps twenty years." Most of the citizens who "write to the papers" on the subject propose that the next Senator be nominated by a party State convention, exactly like the candidate for Governor. Senator Hopkins of Illinois is a product of this plan, and also Senator Burkett of Nebraska, though in the latter State the candidates' names are also placed on the regular ballot, and thus subjected to the additional test of a popular vote. There are also advocates of choice of Senatorial candidates by the direct primary, a plan which has made astonishing progress in the past two years, though it has not yet had an actual trial in any Northern State. That Burton would not have been chosen by any popular vote may very well be true; we doubt if Platt could have been in this State. Yet it is probable that Mitchell could have secured his Senatorship in one way as well as another; and, in this State, Depew led his ticket when he was a candidate for Secretary of State. Popular election, in itself, is not enough to secure us first-class Senators.

The contest for Speakership of the New York Assembly is such a shifting battle that prediction as to the outcome is futile. One or two facts, however, stand out clearly. The first is that Gov. Higgins is not likely to be impeached for usurping the functions of the Legislature. Temperamentally, he is not a usurper. He prefers to throw responsibility on others whenever he can do so, and let them enjoy the glory for success or the blame for failure. Senators and Assemblymen who meekly took orders from Odell—who, under his command, left their thinking to be done by "wiser heads"—are not exactly the persons to lead a revolt against Higgins. The second fact which is now evident is that Gov. Higgins and the other opponents of the Odell machine would be in a much better position for fighting if their candidate had a stronger claim to the Speakership. Against Mr. Wadsworth's character and aims no one brings any serious charge; but his warmest friends cannot assert that in his single term this young man has manifested the intellectual and moral power and acquired the experience needed for a Speaker in this trying crisis. We trust he will develop the necessary qualities, but he cannot aspire to the office on the basis of proved strength. This is an argument which is now the only legitimate defence of the discredited and debilitated Odell organization.

Enthusiasts for Government control, as being supernally wise, efficient and safe, will not draw much comfort from the testimony of the State Superintendent of Insurance on Thursday. Mr. Hendricks confessed to a state of affairs in his department almost as shocking as the insurance looting itself. Ignorance of the law and of facts; indifference or incompetence, or both; inspections that were farces; examiners blind of both eyes; dictation by politicians—that is the kind of appalling admission drawn out by Mr. Hughes Inefficiency was never writ in larger capitals. The other horn of the dilemma is corruption. In either case, the shameful condition of this important branch of the State government calls for instant consideration by Gov. Higgins. He has amiably dawdled over it too long. Mr. Hendricks, by his own evidence, is no more fit to be State Superintendent of Insurance than a blind and deaf and toothless dog is to keep off chicken-thieves and burglars. The whole department needs a radical overhauling. A live and honest man must be put at its head, and the Platt and Odell dummy assistants replaced by somebody able to guard the policyholders' interests. With such a revelation of imbecility or venality on the part of public officials set to watch them, the insurance grafters must be astonished at their own moderation. They might have carried off the very buildings, and Hendricks would have seen nothing wrong.

Interest in the financial aspects of the transaction by which the Metropolitan system has been absorbed by the Belmont lines is, of course, all the keener on account of the price paid being as yet a secret. What all can see with half an eye, however, is the great importance of the combination from the public point of view. It is easy to say that the consolidation of all the city traction systems was "inevitable"; that a single management means greater economy, etc. But all depends upon the thing aimed at. If we have in the making a new engine of political power; if the intention is to confront the city with an intrenched and insolent monopoly, and to insist that all the new subway constructions be given to the Belmont interests on their own terms, the case is serious. It will be for the Rapid Transit Commission and the municipal authorities to exert all their power in behalf of the public. If it be said that no other company can build and operate a new subway because it cannot offer the facilities of connection and interchange which the Belmont lines possess, the reply is that those facilities are, in the long run, under the control of the city. The weapon of competition is not yet wrested from our grasp, because we can compel even a giant monopoly to allow a competitor to live. A corporation, however vast, has not yet become our master. It is the power to regulate, to give orders that construction and operation of traction systems be for the public interest and convenience, which should be appealed to and exhausted before recourse to expropriation should be thought of.

Rumors are being industriously circulated that William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, will be unanimously reëlected—possibly with a special vote of confidence. When the report was published that Corey was to be sued for divorce

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by his wife, and that a widely advertised actress was involved in the affair, people began to say that the president of the largest industrial concern in the world should be a man of more stability of character. Then came dispatches from Pittsburgh intimating that Mr. Corey was prepared to fight; that if attacks were made on his private life, other people whose private lives were unsavory must stand from under. Whether these threats have actually convinced any one of the large holders of steel stock that Corey is the right man to continue in the presidency, we are unable to say. The inferences from the argument are, however, painfully obvious. If the directorate of the Steel Corporation retains Corey on the ground that his business skill should not be confounded with his shortcomings as a man, the directorate will thus explicitly announce to the world that it cares only for shrewdness and is indifferent to character. This would not be a reassuring declaration, for people are not yet ready to believe that a Steel Trust by its mere hugeness can defy the forces which inevitably demoralize other enterprises. The revelations of the last six months, if they have taught men anything, have reinforced the eternal truth that in positions of trust, high or low, skill without solidity of character is nothing.

Campbell-Bannerman's preliminary outline of Liberal policy serves to show how a plain, blunt man may meet a clever tactician. Balfour's friends indulged in a good deal of chuckling, at the time of his sudden resignation, over the way in which he had caught the Liberals in a trap. They would be forced to form a Ministry, which could be, in the nature of the case, only a disjointed collection of nobodies, and then the country would see what it had lost in the Balfour Cabinet. But the Liberal Premier did, in fact, succeed in forming a Government which is confessed by all to be much stronger in personnel than Balfour's own. And now Sir Henry comes forward to indicate a policy which will have the united support of the party, and apparently has already the approval of the country. The Home Rule issue, which was infallibly to split the Liberals, appears only in the subordinate pledge to turn over the administration of purely Irish affairs to Irishmen, as soon as the thing can be done. With Parliament what it is, that means only gradual extensions of local government in Ireland. And on the issue of free trade, which Campbell-Bannerman put in the forefront, as it will be in the forefront of the electoral battle; on peace with all the world; on a freely elected Parliament in South Africa, with the cessation of what is practically slave labor by coolies, and on the cutting down of military expenses, the Prime Minister was strong and satisfactory. The Liberal Government has begun auspiciously.

Germans have been quick to see that the Liberal Ministry in England affords the best possible hope of reëstablishing cordial relations between the two nations. It would be unjust to say that the Balfour Government countenanced the attacks of the Jingo English press upon the Kaiser and his people; yet it was plain that, in its desperate clinging to official life, it could easily hint that, owing to complications with this or that country, it would be extremely unwise to "swap horses" just at that particular moment. Fortunately, Campbell-Bannerman is under no such temptation. Moreover, the historic attitude of his party is in favor of justice and fair dealing and friendship with other nations. The presence in the new Cabinet of James Bryce would alone reassure Germany, for it is only a few months since he published an admirable letter of protest against the senseless anti-German campaign, for which the military and naval Jingoes were so largely responsible. Evidently the Germans do not intend to lose a moment in beginning the work of pacification. The recent meeting of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, which resulted in the friendliest resolutions on the subject of Anglo-German relations, was an echo of a similar gathering in London, with Lord Avebury in the chair. There will certainly be other such demonstrations.

In his recent speech in the Reichstag, the German Chancellor denied that Germany had any thought of sending troops into Russian Poland. That plan was merely another invention of the hostile English press. Germany, he declared, would remain absolutely neutral and let events in Russia take what course they might; for this he gave his word. Accepting it at its full value, the question still remains, not what Germany will do to the Russian revolution, but what that revolution will do to her. One of the very first questions to come before the Prussian Landtag is the voting of more money for the Germanization of Prussian Poland. The Berlin press admits that the great sums thus far spent have achieved very little, and calls for more money to build dikes to keep out the waves of Russian discontent. In Prussia itself the three-class suffrage appears more than ever intolerable—the worst of all electoral systems Bismarck called it—in view of Russian progress and the success of the universal-suffrage agitation in Austria and Hungary. It was proposed last month to have a street demonstration throughout Prussia on a given day, in Russian style, to demand suffrage changes; but the Social-Democrats, Bebel leading, thought it wiser not to run the risk of collision with the authorities and possible bloodshed. But the mere proposal shows how the Russian example is telling.

The blood of the martyrs may be the seed of the Church, but sometimes the seed falls upon stony ground. M. Brunetière, who deprecates the recent anti-clerical legislation in France, takes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a pessimistic view of the condition of religion there. Since the enactment of the Ferry laws, Catholic influence in France has been seriously impaired. The dispersion of the congregations and the secularization of the state, will, he thinks, complete the ecclesiastical disaster. Many French Catholics are disposed to look with indifference upon the difficulties which now confront the clergy, and there is a lack of any ecclesiastical organization for concerted action. As a remedy, it is recommended by M. Brunetière that there should be a council of all the French bishops to assume systematic control. He does not desire the formation of a clerical party, like the German "Centre," but only a kind of synod which may do something for the afflicted dioceses and parishes. In other words, he would have a clerical party affiliated with no political party.

The fact that in a Catholic country like France the Centre should be so weak is very significant. But in things religious and ecclesiastical the French conscience has always been affected by the political leaders of the hour. In some countries a policy of suppression has been a failure. No political coercion kept Scotland from being Presbyterian, nor certain Swiss cantons from being Protestant. But France has often passed from one extreme to another, following sometimes the policy of a monarch, sometimes that of a national assembly or parliament, and has gone with a light heart from one creed to another. The reign of Henry IV. was first Protestant, then Catholic. Atheism was triumphant during the Revolution, but Napoleon made peace with the Pope. In seeking a *modus vivendi* for the Church in France, M. Brunetière has his eye upon the United States, where the Catholics, without being allied to any particular party, have had their plenary councils, and unmolested have carried on their work. But, in respect to this, it is idle to compare the two countries. In America traditions are few and flexible. But in France, behind every declaration of policy, however simple it may be on the surface, there is a host of inconvenient memories. An assembly of Gallican bishops used to excite suspicion at the Vatican. In these days it will be feared, rather, at the Elysée.

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WHAT THE NAVY NEEDS.

"*Esprit de corps* is a bad thing in a navy. It leads to concealment of defects and abuses which, to be remedied, must be brought to light. What you want is *esprit de patrie*." These words were spoken by a foreign admiral of unusual breadth of professional knowledge, the leading spirit in one of the lesser navies of Europe, in conversation with an American interlocutor. In view of recent revelations of conditions at the Naval Academy, the question may well arise whether *esprit de patrie* in our navy may not be giving way to *esprit de corps*. These conditions are the outgrowth of a spirit which has been developing in the navy ever since the Civil War—a spirit not necessarily bad, but which, unless restrained and guided, must lead to the serious impairment of the usefulness of the naval service. The fact is, that this service is governed by a twofold system of laws—an official one established by Congress and the Navy Department, and an interior unwritten code which, from its very nature, tends when left unimpeded to supplant the official laws. The embryo midshipman, from the first day of his life at the Naval Academy, breathes an atmosphere of submission to this code, which, not embodying any useful restraint, prescribes absolute submission to the arbitrary will of his immediate superiors in rank, on whom his future success as an officer of the service must depend. Regulations how he shall walk on the paths; how he shall turn corners; how he shall not sit on the benches; how he shall hold his hands at table; how he shall or shall not walk with ladies; and under what terms he may engage in a personal combat—are much more than efforts of exuberant youth to make and enforce laws. Like the menial services imposed on a newly admitted member of the Jesuit order, they are the beginning of a course of discipline, the result of which is the complete subordination of the individual to the will of the organization, the reduction of his personality to a mere machine, and the impairment of moral courage. Under the influence of this discipline the navy is becoming more and more a law unto itself. This growth is facilitated by a combination of different circumstances, all tending in the same direction.

First among these is the lack of acquaintance with naval affairs on the part not only of the public at large, but even of that portion of the public specially appointed to supervise the navy. A striking example of this was offered at the hearing before the Committee of Naval Affairs in the last Congress on a bill authorizing the General Board, in the course of which it came out that not even the leading members of the committee were acquainted with the powers and duties of chiefs of bureau in the Navy Department, nor with the historic fact that the proposed law was almost identical in terms with one under which the Navy Department was governed for nearly thirty years of its history, and which had to be abrogated owing to the inefficiency of the system to which it gave rise.

Coupled with this is the absence on the part of our public of that feeling of urgency for naval defence which is necessarily so strong in European countries, especially in England, where the possibility that a hostile fleet may, at short notice, be blockading its coasts or descending upon its ports is ever present to the public mind. Whether rightfully or wrongfully, it is impossible to arouse in the minds of our public any serious apprehension that within a generation a hostile fleet will dare to come within gunshot of our coasts or within range of our torpedo boats—and least of all a battleship, costing more than the entire equipment of any of our great universities, but liable to be sent to the bottom by a torpedo as speedily as an old-fashioned man-of-war.

The outcome of the causes and processes we have described is the best solidified and most perfectly unified non-ecclesiastical organization in the world, actively devoted to ends which are both good and bad. It is only just to the service to place the good foremost; and this is found in the promotion of individual efficiency and professional skill in every operation of the service, whether that of organizing gunfire, disciplining crews, or inventing methods of offence and defence. A policy good on its face and yet not wholly good in results is that of concealing from the public every dark spot and every unpleasant lesson in the history and proceedings of the organization. It would be contrary to human nature to suppose that the feeling that no abuse is in danger of coming to the knowledge of the public—a feeling which grows out of the discipline already mentioned—is not going to have its effect on plain speaking to the head of the Department, and on efforts to remedy the defect.

The ends of the organization which should give rise to most question are the enlargement of its functions in every field pertaining to commerce and navigation, the increase of its influence in the Government, the elimination of the civilian element from every responsible function in connection with the service, and the aggrandizement of the service generally by every method which a charitable public can regard as not illegitimate. These ends can be pursued unavowed and unfelt without taking any measure or adopting any policy that seems on its face inimical to the public interest. One evil associated with them is that the unity of the service is maintained in the face of the growing necessity for its division into corps of specialists, as the army has long been divided. The accidents in connection with gun practice during the last few years strongly emphasize the necessity of an ordnance corps, the members of which shall devote their powers entirely to the intricate scientific problems growing out of the construction and working of modern guns. After every accident to a gun, there is some talk of encouraging officers to make a specialty of the subject; but this does not meet the case. The Ordnance Corps should be a permanent one, made up from the ablest graduates of the Naval Academy in scientific studies, and should hold a position in the service corresponding to that of the engineers in the army. Under the actual system the ablest and best informed student of ordnance in the service, instead of being kept on the duty for which he is so well fitted, is, after a few years of practice, assigned to some post which has nothing to do with the subject for which he is best qualified. The analogous case of the engineers and the policy of merging them in the line has been so much discussed that we shall not enter upon its consideration further than to say that the yielding of the line officer in recent years to the pressure toward abandonment of his rightful position has in it more of evil than of good.

In the light of what we have said, the most urgent needs of the navy of the future may be briefly summarized. First of all, the spirit of personal independence and free expression of opinion and action on the part of its officers should be inculcated. Then we must recognize the obvious fact that the various functions necessary in a modern navy can be performed only by men of varied capacities. At some stage in the course at the Naval Academy—not later, we should say, than the end of the second year—should come a separation of each class into two bodies. One comprises those who, by power of command, love of the sea, and the art of managing men and things generally, are best fitted to assume that position of supreme authority on board a ship of war which is of the first necessity to the commanding officer. The other body will be composed of those who are most proficient in scientific studies, and whose inclination is rather toward the technical applications of mechanics than the command of men. From these will be recruited the highly trained engineers and ordnance officers, of whom at least one should be a necessary part of the personnel of every naval ship. A prerequisite of both these needs is a head of the Navy Department who will be allowed to do his own thinking, recognize his own functions as the representative of the country which owns the navy, reach his own independent judgment on every point, technical or non-technical, after he has heard what is to be said on every side, both from

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official and unofficial sources, and give effect to his well-matured conclusions. So long as the head is expected to do no thinking and form no conclusions of his own, so long will the power of the navy continue to grow in a way injurious both to its own efficiency and to the interests of the country to which it belongs.

WHEN POLITICIANS FALL OUT.

The Republicans of New York State are plunged into a factional quarrel quite as bitter as the fight between the Half-Breeds and Stalwarts at the beginning of Garfield's Administration. The contest now, as then, is being waged against the head of the machine. Whether the results will be as disastrous to the party itself, no one can tell. Thus much, however, is apparent: honorable Republicans — aided by many venal camp-followers—are determined to rid the organization of the curse of Odell. Odell, on the other hand, is prepared to die with his boots on. Nor does he lack munitions of war. The narrowness of Herbert Parsons's majority in a test vote at the meeting of the New York County Committee on Thursday night is proof that the Odell forces possess unexpected strength. Odell's captains up the State, Senator George R. Malby and Assemblymen Edwin A. Merritt, are hardly the stuff to lead a forlorn hope. They have not cast in their lot with Odell without reckoning the consequences. Behind them are powerful financial interests intent upon despoiling the Adirondacks. Behind Odell personally are the master of thousands of miles of railway, and like-minded lords of industry. Odell's determination to win at any cost is plain enough; his back is to the wall, and his studied insults to President Roosevelt and Gov. Higgins show that he neither expects nor gives quarter.

It is not merely as a savage challenge, however, that Odell's talk is significant. He offers a contribution to current history, purports to tell us how men are elected to the United States Senate, and how the President himself felt about a recent instance. No one will accept Mr. Odell's statement at its face value; for, while all he says may be true, it is not the whole truth. The attitude of President Roosevelt, granted that it had any influence, was not the only cause of Odell's treachery to Black. The activity of E. H. Harriman in behalf of the serviceable Depew was potent in persuading Odell to disloyalty. In that incident Odell let the world know whose pocketbook commanded his allegiance. But if Odell did not make a clean breast of it, he said enough to cause disquiet in high circles. In wrath as well as in their cups men often blurt out unpleasant facts. We have just seen how great a matter the little fire between Alexander and Hyde of the Equitable kindled. Possibly when politicians, as well as insurance officers, fall out, honest men may learn how the people are hoodwinked.

Odell's assertions in regard to Roosevelt are too serious to pass without comment. The President has let it be understood that he cannot with dignity enter into controversy with a private individual—that is, unless he thinks it worth while. In this case it would seem highly desirable that some friend of the Administration should come forward with a semi-official explanation. The views which Odell attributes to Mr. Roosevelt are plausible; indeed, they do credit to his head and heart. Most citizens of this State will agree that it is a "pity" to have New York represented in the United States Senate by "two almost senile old men." Platt and Depew might feebly dissent, but they are prejudiced. Admirers of the President are justly concerned to learn whether he actually expressed not only this opinion, but also the hope that Odell would support Black; and whether the President changed his mind; and if he changed, why he came to regard Depew as a suitable Senator. These are matters of public importance. Some artist, inspired in the White House, will, we trust, fill in the details of the picture which Odell has so imperfectly sketched.

The reason for wanting all the facts is that more is involved in this case than the political fortune of an ex-Governor of New York, the election of Herbert Parsons as president of the New York County Committee, or of Assemblyman James W. Wadsworth, jr., as Speaker. Thanks to the insurance investigation and C. E. Hughes, we now know to a certainty that many of our political leaders and high officials are nothing but puppets of financial cliques. E. H. Harriman pulls a string, and Odell twitches convulsively; T. F. Ryan pulls and C. F. Murphy responds. R. A. McCurdy, with his $10,000 a year for the campaign fund, had a string on Platt. Many strings were jerked when the settled plans for electing Black to the Senate were upset and Depew was returned. Who pulled them? Who was set in motion? Was the Equitable, with its liberal gift to the National Committee, able to persuade George B. Cortelyou that Depew was not senile? Were other close advisers of the President open to influence? These are the questions that rush upon men's minds when Odell flatly declares the President switched from Black to Depew. President Roosevelt himself may have been but an innocent pawn in the deep game; but are the knights and bishops and rooks who surround him on the chess-board at Washington played by the same skilful hands that move the pieces in New York and Albany? In fine, if we get rid of Odell, do we merely change men but cling to the old method? It would be small relief to throw down one odious boss and put in his stead other bosses, large and small, who may in turn fall under control of those who look upon politics as a "cash proposition."

JOURNALISM IN THE LABORATORY.

If the Eastern colleges have been somewhat slow in establishing schools of journalism, the faculties in the West have perhaps been over-bold in experimenting with newspaper-making. The University of Kansas has established a department of journalism, and at the University of Chicago Prof. George E. Vincent has conducted for three years a course entitled "The History and Organization of the American Press." At both places practical newspaper workers have been engaged to explain the details of actual day-to-day writing, editing, and printing. At Chicago, Professor Vincent's class was set to work last spring to issue a four-page morning newspaper. This laboratory experiment he describes in the *American Journal of Sociology*. It was doubtless an interesting excursion into the practical, but we suspect that it gave the students an exaggerated notion of the importance of the technique of journalism. The theory that the only way to become a newspaper writer is to write for the newspapers, is sound, but we doubt if Professor Vincent's *Daily Times* supplied a real test.

Merely as an experiment, however, the paper produced by the Chicago students is worth notice. It was written and "set up" between nine o'clock in the morning of June 6 and one o'clock in the morning of June 7. The editor of the college daily acted as managing editor, a student employee of the Associated Press as telegraph editor, and two student reporters as news and city editors. Its staff numbered forty, and was divided among the usual departments. From five o'clock in the afternoon until the experiment ended, the plant of the Chicago *Evening Journal* was turned over to the students. The various news associations furnished "copy," and the morning journals allowed the reporters of the *Daily Times* to go out with their own men on assignments. Nothing could be more favorable for a trial, especially as one "rehearsal" was had.

Professor Vincent's verdict upon the *Daily Times*, which was actually sent to press but five minutes late, is that it was "on the whole a success." It did not attempt innovations, merely striving to print the day's news in a clean, attractive form. Its front page, he says, corresponded closely, so far as the choice of news went, with those of the Chicago morning papers. It erred only in giving to the account of the marriage of Emperor William's son a place on the

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first page with this equivocal headline, "Oldest Son of Emperor and Duchess Cecilia Married Yesterday." As it turned out, the evening papers of June 6 had "covered" the Prussian wedding so thoroughly that it was bad newspaper judgment to "feature" it on the morning of June 7. A number of "graduate students in political science and economics" wrote the editorials. Such weighty matters were discussed as the future of English diplomacy, the changes in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, democracy in unionism, and "two kinds of reformers." The news that came in on June 6 called for three additional editorials on "Finance and Publicity," "Admiral Enquist and his Cruises," and "A New Theatrical Conscience." If all these matters were touched upon with the pen of authority, Professor Vincent was justified in exulting over the editorial page. In our opinion, the enterprise of the telegraph editor in turning a number of items concerning Government affairs into a special correspondent's Washington letter should not pass unnoticed. As Professor Vincent says in apology, "What are principles and policies in a crisis such as this?"—it was midnight when the letter was manufactured.

The experiment strikes one as a bit of exciting fun for Professor Vincent's class, merely illustrating again what every newspaper man of experience knows—that the technique of journalism is an infinitesimal part of the equipment of a journalist. Headlines and the "make-up" of the page, the mysteries of linotype operation and of the stereotyping room, the "lingo" of the newspaper office—these are things that the alert young reporter in an office will pick up quite as soon as he will need to know them. More to the point was the paper read before the class in journalism at the Kansas State University a few days ago by a former Topeka legislative reporter for a Kansas City newspaper. After an experience of nearly twenty years, this man declared that the essentials of a successful newspaper man are "a receptive mind and willing legs." The ability to write he subordinated, saying that in the school of the editorial blue pencil the plain recital of fact will soon come to be inevitable. Get out among people, he advised the young men ambitious to become great journalists. "Remember that it is the mind that makes the man, and if you possess a newspaper mind all the earth is yours." Insatiable curiosity as to the drift of human affairs marks the "born" journalist; the best training it is possible to give him is the widest possible acquaintance with past and present. His work will be more valuable for a knowledge of the history of Finland or of the Oregon Trail than for a year of laboratory experiments in academic newspaper building.

TWO THEORIES OF MUSEUM POLICY.

The causes of the resignation of Dr. Edward Robinson of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have been discussed by the press of that city with an unfortunate concern for personalities and a corresponding disregard for principles. Behind all minor considerations lay the fact that the Museum was at least partly committed to innovations which the director did not approve. Among the trustees and officers existed a profound and honest difference of opinion as to the future policy of the Museum; and the prospect of a new building whose very form would condition that policy, made it inexpedient that the difference should be compromised. The controversy affects fundamental principles, and is of interest wherever there are museums of the fine arts.

The contest was and is simply between scholastic and æsthetic ideals of museum management—the former an academic and generally approved policy, the latter a new and revolutionary programme. The conception of a scholastic museum of art history is comparatively a simple one. The aim is to make the collections as complete and representative as possible, to arrange them chronologically, to serve primarily the purpose of the special student, and incidentally to spread a knowledge of art history among the masses. Necessarily, mere beauty of arrangement is subordinated to logical sequence, and many objects are shown in spite of intrinsic mediocrity or unattractiveness because of their instructiveness as measured in terms of the development of art. The British Museum is an excellent type of an institution devoted primarily to research. This idea of museum management corresponds to the scientific tendency of the day, has the whole weight of academic authority in its favor, and may fairly be called the orthodox doctrine. Gradually it has prevailed over the dilettantism that presided over the origins of most public galleries.

Yet many of the more progressive directors and curators have held their orthodoxy uneasily, as a belief not false, to be sure, but narrow. In particular, certain members of the Boston Museum staff have advanced the startling view that the more perfectly an art museum fulfils the art-historical ideal, the more completely it falls short of its function as a public institution. This thesis they have maintained both in the periodical press and in privately printed communications to the trustees. The plea is that the magnitude of modern collections baffles and oppresses the public. A few galleries are frequented, but whole departments are deserted or become mere gangways. Smaller objects, when shown in quantity, are hardly looked at. Thus, collections of high value æsthetically—as Greek vases, small bronzes, medals, figurines, drawings, and the like—are practically wasted; visited, if at all, by the occasional savant or the loafer escaping the rigors of winter. In the system of wholesale exhibition, which unquestionably repels the average man, there is small advantage for the specialist. His needs would be better met if seven-eighths of the exhibits were either stored, or compactly exhibited where a trained curator might readily be consulted. In short, museums as they are to-day are ill-arranged, both for the investigator and the naïve lover of art. Such considerations have led to the sensible theory that different provision should be made for the very different classes using museums: for the student, a department of study and reference conducted along strictest utilitarian lines; for the far larger class, consisting of artists and art-loving people, exhibition halls containing only the choicest remnant of the collections—no more than the public can take in pleasurably and with profit.

The study department of such a museum would consist merely of its present art-historical collections more compactly and conveniently stored or exhibited, in closer proximity to their respective curators, and reserved, in intention at least, for the use of actual students. The needs of the studious class would be more perfectly met by such an arrangement, and the public exhibitions would be relieved of the dead weight of objects of little intrinsic beauty and, for the average visitor, of no worth whatever. Upon the public halls, the management of our imaginary new-style museum would lavish infinite pains. Only a few and the finest objects would be selected as worthy to be shown to the public. These would be exhibited under the most favorable conditions of space, lighting, and accessories. The endeavor would be to make the galleries a delight to the artist and connoisseur, and also an irresistible attraction to the most careless visitor. Cardinal principles would be: only fine and original pieces should be shown; the grouping of exhibits should be primarily determined by æsthetic considerations; incongruous collections should be widely separated, and in general the collections should be isolated. The space to be allotted to the various departments—as sculpture, painting, etc.—should be fixed once for all, and as the museum secured finer objects for its public galleries, space should be made by retiring less desirable exhibits to the study departments. On the other hand there would be abundant space to permit the frequent change of subsidiary exhibits and, in general, to make an apparently arbitrary and rigid distribution of collections actually a very flexible one. One may imagine at Boston, for example, a

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gallery containing the finest of the Japanese paintings as a permanent collection, but offering a succession of fine lacquers, bronzes, ivories, metal work, and potteries, according to the ingenuity of the curator in charge and the resources of the study department of the museum. Evidently this kind of curatorship exacts a peculiar tact, but it is, after all, a quality required and found in curators of print departments and librarians. No such officer feels that his duty is done when he has merely sorted his prints and books and put them in casual circulation; beyond that, he endeavors to encourage the use of the best prints and the best books.

Where a museum is by its very foundation and intention devoted to research, or is encumbered by testamentary conditions or by the form of its building, the æsthetic ideal we have briefly outlined is either inapplicable or a mere counsel of perfection. Our own Metropolitan Museum, for instance, cannot for years, if at all, consider such a plan. At Boston, where a new building is in prospect, the plan is perfectly practicable, and we hope will be given a trial. It is no wholly new doctrine that is mooted at Copley Square. For years museum folk, whether of the scientific or artistic stamp, have been moving towards this system of dualism. Credit is due, however, to those officers of the Boston Art Museum who, at the cost of considerable misconstruction and even abuse, have given currency in America to the important queries: What is the true purpose of public art museums? Are they a form of university extension in art history? May they not also contribute more directly to the pleasures of life by presenting the most beautiful productions of man's mind and hand in the most harmonious order and surroundings?

THE GENERAL STRIKE AS A POLITICAL WEAPON.

Present signs forecast failure for the second general strike in Russia. It seems to be both aimless and leaderless; the necessary funds are said to be wanting, and the Government is moving with vigor to keep order and to maintain the service on the railroads. But even if this attempt to coerce a Government by suspending work shall fail, the immense success of the previous effort will long trouble the dreams of European statesmen. It was made small account of in this country; but on the Continent it caused a great sensation, and led to sharp debates in Reichstag and Parlement. We have already commented on the speech of the audacious Bebel, telling the German Chancellor that the workingmen of Germany, too, might yet meet the *ultima ratio* of war with their own *ultima ratio* of a general strike. In Paris, the great orator of the Socialists, M. Jaurès, delivered a two-day's discourse in the Chamber along the same lines.

Indeed, it may be plausibly argued that the Russian workingmen got their hint from French Socialism. It has always been one of the sardonic aspects of the Franco-Russian alliance that absolutism was supposed to be happy in the embrace of "égalité et fraternité." A reactionary Czar baring his head at Cronstadt when the "Marseillaise" was played, ought to have been vividly reminded of Louis XVI., and set wondering how long he might have a head to bare. In direct as well as sentimental ways France contributed to the Russian revolution. The money which she freely supplied—and it was to French money that the Czar really did obeisance—went to the creating of new cities and great industries in Russia; which meant the growth of the artisan class, a proletariat increasingly conscious of solidarity, the trades union, and the general strike. But this last as a political weapon was distinctly advocated in France before it was put to its first practical use in Russia. The Socialist professor, M. Hervé, had long before sketched out in print and speech the exact plan which the Russian revolutionaries adopted last October. In the Chamber itself a Deputy, M. Sembat, has expounded the general strike as the next resort of the working classes against oppressive governments; and now comes the eloquent Jaurès to enforce the lesson from Russian experience.

His thesis was artfully named "The Highest Defensive Power of the Nation." The Minister of War demanding more troops and money would not have chosen differently. But, of course, the skilful speaker proceeded to explain that what he wanted was an army "close to the people," as our politicians say—an army "so blended with the people that it shall be the people themselves." Then, he argued, if the proletariat thus made up the greater part of the nation's military strength, it could coöperate with the proletariat of other nations to render powerless those "criminal governments which would let loose the tempest of war," since it would be well understood that the soldiers, if a war they thought unjust should be declared, would precipitate the social revolution supported by a general strike of all their brother-workmen. It was clearly an echo of the same sentiments by Herr Bebel which led Prince Bülow to threaten him with a prosecution for treason if he should utter them where not protected by Parliamentary privilege. All this lends a degree of confirmation to the opinion expressed by a well-informed writer in the December *Fortnightly*:

"The general strike in practical operation is obviously by far the most important phenomenon of politics since the French Revolution. The repercussion of Russian events has already been violently felt in Austria. It will be felt at the next remove in Italy. In Germany, where, as Herr Bebel and his colleagues are aware, a general strike would at present be a mad experiment, certain to be trampled under by the military force of the monarchical majority, the immediate influence of the Russian precedent is less obvious, but the dangerous leaven has entered into the German political system, and will work with an effect which may prove, in the long run, convulsive."

Americans should not felicitate themselves on being entirely exempt from this new peril disturbing European statesmen. We do not confront precisely their problems, it is true. No huge standing army, no vast body of Government railway employees, can with us "paralyze" the Government. But we are seeing a dangerous development of the spirit of monopoly, caste prejudice and tyranny in our trades unions which may at any time lead to an attempt, quite in Russian fashion, to stop industry, cut off food supplies and frighten or starve the country into yielding a part of the power of the Government to labor organizations. The form and aim of the threat differ, but the latent threat exists with us as truly as in Europe. There as here, it rests upon social and economic absurdities. It would put the needs or demands of a class above the needs of the country; and in such a case the country will always find means to assert itself over the class. Even in Russia that truth appears now to be in process of demonstration.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF "THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE."

SWATOW, October 31, 1905.

Many scores of years ago the Portuguese fitly named this "L'Ilha Formosa." Equally appropriate as a sub-title would be "Tenebrosa," so shrouded is it in obscurity as far as practical information is concerned. On inquiring in Japan how, whence, and when it might best be reached, the residents admitted that boats do sail from Yokohama, Kobé, and southern China; but they shook their heads and talked darkly of fevers, savage head-hunters, typhoons, lack of quarters, etc.; one man even threatening that only bachelors were to be seen there, as if the normal American woman would take fright at that familiar and usually much-sought-after object. If, nothing daunted by this ignorance or indifference as to practicable ways and means, one continues one's investigations while travelling "all down the thundering coast" of China, one still encounters surprise or disapproval, and one is left to "hit or miss" steamer connection to the island.

For example, we were started for Amoy from Fuchow "just in time" for the weekly mail-boat to Formosa, which had sailed exactly twenty-four hours before our arrival at her port of departure; yet these two Chinese cities are scarcely 170 miles apart, and belong, moreover, to the same province of Fuhkien. As compensation for this contretemps we had three delightful days in Amoy, which has a singular charm of its own, with isles and sea continually interspersed, and with weird rock-forma-

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tions suggesting a mightier Stonehenge, while everywhere the banyan tree makes itself a feature. Thus, by possessing our souls in patience, we did get an intermediate vessel for the southwestern coast of the island, and in this small ship crossed what is admittedly one of the three worst channels in the known navigable world. We wallowed in the trough of the sea for twenty-four hours, during which neither eating nor sleeping was possible, and arrived at Anping, which it is irony to call a port. Vessels anchor two miles out from land, in the open roadstead, and in rough weather neither launches nor lighters can cross the tricky bar from the low sandy spit upon which Anping crouches. (During the summer monsoon, ships have been known to await unloading for a fortnight.) Passengers, if not timid, can usually be landed with their luggage, as we were, on small eight by sixteen or eighteen-foot rafts made of thick bamboo lashed together, and curved slightly upward at both ends, and with one jury-mast. In the middle is fastened a tub, with two small seats fore and aft; and when three undersized persons have wedged their feet and knees together therein in a converging design, it would seem impossible to spill them out even by the most complete capsizing. The Japanese, on first occupying the island, scoffed at these frail-looking craft, and introduced the ordinary sampans; but after several boat-loads had been drowned they restored the rafts, for the force of the waves spends itself through the interstices of the bamboo trunks. At Anping, after an almost American customs examination (which we thought due quite as much to curiosity concerning such rare birds as to strict official requirements), we were made welcome by one of the only three foreign traders who still remain there under Japanese rule. For in Formosa, Herbert Spencer's advice to Baron Kaneko has been diligently followed, and the Japanese are diverting most of the island's trade that used to pass through Chinese ports for transshipment, to their own sea-towns, while their coasting craft have successfully underbid all other regular lines; thus making the island more inaccessible, especially in war-time, when their regular subsidized steamers are in requisition by the Government. As another result, Amoy is fast losing ground commercially, and Anping has been deserted by its little coterie of foreigners, for the fine harbor of Kelung is being continually improved, and that is destined by man as well as by nature to be the island's port.

From Anping we travelled by lagoons and along low, sandy beaches with scant vegetation, on small, low trucks, pushed by coolies on a two-foot track. Two passengers can sit upon the one seat, leaving space behind for some small luggage and for the two coolies to jump on whenever, by their efforts, the tiny car gains sufficient headway; they resume their pushing as it slackens. It is surprising how soon they cover the two-mile distance to Tainan, which is a curious blend of former Chinese and latter-day Japanese occupation. Most of the houses still standing show the Celestial form and taste, but here and there one sees a neatness, an openness, a cleanliness, which bespeaks the Japanese occupant. Fortunately for the traveller, there is an excellent inn of the latter nation, as well as a group of kindly missionaries who have nothing but good said of them on all sides; this being a notable exception to the too frequent animus expressed or implied by the commercial folk for the evangelizing band in other parts of the East. In Formosa, both the missionaries and their achievements are praised highly.

We started at the usual matutinal hour of trains in the tropics for our original objective, Taipeh, on the northwest coast. Soon after starting, the fine east-coast mountains come into view, and at changing heights remain with us all day. Sugar-cane and rice are omnipresent on the dead level over which we travel for two hours, while bamboo clumps increase in frequency. At Kagi the mountains are at their highest, and here on rare clear days one can see the monarch of the Empire, Nitakayama (Mt. Morrison), but to us only its fine retainers were visible. The railway is completed save for a missing link of sixteen miles, and here again one mounts the little truck, to be pushed at an amazing rate of speed by two human beasts of burden. At one point the small track makes a double loop to descend suddenly into the broad excoriated bed of one of the tumultuous mountain rivers; and on seeing the numerous and devious channels, each year's differing from every other's, one wonders how the three or four-mile stretch is to be sucessfully bridged by the railway. Up on the green slopes of the mountains one has seen many broad swaths of stone and sand made by these torrents, and the scars are as clean-cut and often as flat and broad as a good road made by human hands. Across the valley one mounts the hills again to board the train, everywhere receiving care and courtesy from the railway officials, one's luggage being handled free of charge. The broad river-bed just left behind seems a line dividing two different regions, for now one travels around and over foot-hills, on which tea-plants stand in stiff review; the sugar-cane is left behind, while the higher mountains are often shut out from view. The paddy-fields are no longer in large, unbroken masses, but are in small, mosaic-like spaces. Soon Mt. Sylvia rises to the northeast in a splendid mass, and we skirt her as the dusk falls and the train plunges down into the darker valleys. She is very beautiful, even without her winter white cap above her flowing robe of richest green, and in this sunset light, with a scarf of mist drawn about her shoulders, she makes a vision to be remembered. But the sunsets in Formosa are particularly fine, and often at this season, when the whole day has been overcast or threatening, or when the hills have been almost shut out by haze or mist, the sinking sun compensates in full by a burst of prismatic splendor.

Taipeh, or Taihoku, or Daitotei, or Twatutia—according to one's taste—is the capital of the island, and here the newest foreign nation in possession is taking down the eight-feet-thick brick walls of the official Chinese city, while leaving one or two of the four gates standing. Within the former enclosure the Governor-General's Palace, the Civil Governor's house, civil-service offices, and army officers' quarters are gaining ground (and space) over the former huddle. (Yet there used also to be snipe-shooting over unimproved land within this very enclosure under chin-chin rule.) Outside are the prison, where hat-weaving and other industries are plied, but which women are not allowed to visit; the camphor station, where the valuable product is packed and shipped as a Government monopoly; the opium refinery (with a secret process), the Japanese not as yet attempting to prohibit but merely to restrict its use among their Chinese subjects. But a heavy penalty is laid upon their own people who try to take up the vice, and it is also made difficult for any Chinese beginner. There is a Bund with foreign hongs looking out across the river and the wide plain, which is beautifully set around with hills. During typhoons the water is sometimes so banked up and hemmed in by two of these that people are obliged to use their back doors, while for ten miles in front there is nothing but an inland sea. The walls around their hongs are often five feet thick at the base, and yet the river ordinarily flows along, as "mild as any sucking dove," twenty feet below. The rest of the town is Chinese, with some few wider streets in the making. All labor is practically in John Chinaman's hands, and he is usually of an excellent type from Fuhkien, while the Hakkas, so despised in their own land, are the cultivators and owners of the central part of the island. We saw tall and sturdy specimens from there northward, and in Taipeh our host's ricksha coolies compared favorably both for speed and build with the average Kurumaya in Japanese ports. Yet about the town the amazing difference in cleanliness, neatness, domestic *bien-être* between the two peoples cries out from the housetops. It is tweedledum once more, and only thus is explicable. Yet the Japanese owe much to their "poor relation," for he lives and thrives in this trying climate. Mr. J. W. Davidson states that, with proper precautions, the climate is no more fatal or dangerous than in many other tropic regions, and he and our host are standing proofs of the assertion. Yet to most foreigners, whether Japanese or European, the excessive moisture and heat prove debilitating. In this connection it is gratifying to note that one Yankee consul should have employed his several years of semi-leisured exile in gathering and arranging material for an excellent book about the country. Mr. Davidson's volume not only is a careful history of Formosa from the earliest days of foreign observation and occupation, but contains, besides valuable statistics, and is, moreover, illustrated abundantly and interestingly. So authoritative and well-written a book deserves honorable mention, and it is to be hoped that if the State Department has given no official recognition of its worth beyond his promotion, the author may receive a fitting reward from some of the geographical or scientific societies.

From Taipeh there are many pretty trips—by rail and otherwise: to Ke-lung, which is increasingly important commercially on account of its harbor; to Tamsui, which looks out to sea, charmingly placed on its river, near the fine north and south hills, and which boasts a relic of very early days in a well-preserved old Dutch fort built of brick from Europe; to Hakuto, the sulphur valley high up in the hills, where the prod-

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uct is worked on the surface, and where are geysers and boiling springs. Afternoon tea at Pangkio is another novel trip, for there one may visit a Chinese multi-millionaire's villa of the finest kind, which yet has that mild touch of decay which is so beautifying. Like other of his rich countrymen, he fled when the Japanese definitively occupied the island, leaving two of his adopted sons, who have since become naturalized Japanese, and much of his property, which had been amassed by piratical forbears. The house is enormous in its spread, with corridors, approaches, and outlying buildings innumerable; but the garden is its chief glory, for here every whim and notion was gratified. What with kiosks, bridges, terraces, walks on roofs and on winding and involuting walls, tiled lattices and balustrades, pools, trees, and potted plants, it is a maze. Color is everywhere in the decoration, and, aside from the round doors and butterfly windows, would be a joy to many American architects who are striving to introduce color into their work. To the tyro it is a delightful revelation of audacious fancifulness.

Of most distinctive interest is the trip "up country," where the savages still hold sway. We went by ricksha for five miles over the fertile plain of the Ke-lung and Sintiam Rivers, where every inch is cultivated, passing the Government's experimental garden, where non-indigenous plants are being tested in the soil and climate. Soon after reaching the foot-hills, the ferriages began, and then we came to Sintiam, which, like all other villages that we saw, is a Chinese settlement with a few Japanese officials and buildings. Here is a quaint mission church which was an attempt to make an orthodox "church edifice" out of Oriental materials. Once more we ferried, and began really to climb in chairs. Everything is lush and varied green, and with the rice in full crop, and the stalks bent down crosswise to dry in rows, still other notes of color are introduced, with the dark soil as foundation. A veritable Joseph's coat seems flung over every little valley. We go on climbing and winding while the swift river twists now in, now out of sight. Beyond Kusshaku, our last village, we passed the electric-light plant of Taipeh, with fine water-power diverted from and under the river a mile or more above, and equipped with turbines. Shortly, beyond, we reached the last settlement of the encroaching foreigner, not far from a tiny Japanese police station. From here everything to the south and east is still the savages, and so fearless and unconquered are they that twelve electric workers were killed at once not long ago, while in February last there was another night inroad. The clever Japanese thereafter devised the scheme of surrounding the tiny group of houses with live electric wire, and thus far have not again been molested by the head-hunters. But the first three months of the year is the period when the young savage's fancy lightly and especially turns to thoughts of love, and to wed he must show a given number of heads. The more, the better choice of brides! So every man on the border always goes armed by Government consent and the strong law of necessity. Warm as was the night, all the windows and shutters of a strong pattern had to be shut tight and bolted, as the aborigines often choose the hour after midnight or that before the dawn to enter any but a close-shut house, and quietly possess themselves of the desired trophies, which eventually ornament their community's central hut.

From our sleeping place we entered their home ground, where the thick forest still protects them and their customs, and makes travel dangerous. Thanks to our host's influence, word was received that everything was quiet, and that we should be allowed to penetrate—which was by so much further than any women have been permitted to do, only two others having travelled as far up as the police station. We had fourteen guns, and our guard was of Chinese "braves" with two Japanese over them. Thus we picked our way in single file up the slopes, sometimes in chairs, sometimes on foot like our guard when the path became too rough or dangerous for even our experienced bearers. Yet their skill was remarkable at sharp turns on the sheer steep, when the front bearer would slip from under his yoke, while the rear bearer swung the chair as on a pivot on the central coolie, who would thus take the entire burden on his shoulders—not, however, without some grunting, which added to one's sense of his effort and one's own precarious position. The growth on every side is riotous; creepers, palms, ferns, tree-ferns are magnificent, the latter reaching up towards the light to a height of 25 or 30 feet. We regretted our botanical ignorance keenly, yet not so much as if the island's flora were classified. This, we are told, has never been done, and the residents claim that much of the island's growth is unique unto itself. But the Japanese have made two collections already for exhibition in their own country, and thus within a few years we shall probably be enlightened by their thorough methods.

Our terminal was at a native hut, where a peaceful young savage and his wife live. Both had singularly fine and good faces, he resembling the portraits of the young Napoleon minus the aquiline nose, but with the same spirited expression, and with the soft, half-tangled hair; a slight bar of dark blue tattooing in a close, even design, starting from the roots in the middle of the forehead, and almost reaching to the eyebrows. He wore the short, sleeveless, cotton tunic, open in front, hand-woven, with broad transverse bands of color toward the bottom. A breech-cloth tied round his waist, with the ends hanging loose, completed his garb, while his gentle, delicate-looking wife's brow was tattooed like his, with two broader bands as well starting at the hair (which was long and fine) on the temples, and running in a straight, narrowing line to the corners of the mouth. This is the mark of the married woman. Her under-garment could be seen only at the throat, where, like her husband, she wore beads (while both wore earrings); for over all was a square of native cloth fastened towards one shoulder, and again at the side, further down, thus confining her arms. They were a remarkably attractive pair, set amidst such a luxuriant nature, and even a sight of their interior did not destroy their charm, pitifully poor and primitive as it was. The other savages whom we passed en route were of strikingly varied types, and this observation was corroborated by Mr. Davidson's illustrations of the different tribes, as well as by an interesting collection of photographs taken by a German scientist, and now in the possession of Mr. Herbert Rose of Taipeh. For in these, groups of kinsfolk in the same village show the coarsest-boned and featured types side by side with finer forms and faces. The children whom we saw either watched us furtively from the jungle, or, if in our direct view, showed terror at our smiling greeting. But the men felt no such timidity, and their free, open scrutiny was startling indeed. Such bold, fearless eyes I have never seen, and go to show how many generations of self-restraint are expressed even in the glance of the civilized human eye. But the most interesting creature whom we saw was a Japanese, who, before the Chinese war and cession of the island, went there as a spy and secret-service agent. He lived among these savages; he had evidently been tortured by them, to judge by one maimed hand; he had married one of them, his wife consequently being ostracized from her people; yet his face, with long, black hair tied behind and hanging loose to the waist, was of the most subtle and inscrutable.

Back from this strange excursion we travelled as the sun set; the mountains lowering, the valleys broadening, the river widening, the whole landscape losing its intensity, as the swift, mysterious tropical dusk surrounded us. At the rest house we dined on luxuries which, thanks to our thoughtful host, had been sent from Taipeh by coolies. Amid such comfort it was difficult to realize that every man in the house would sleep that night with his gun within reach, while the beautiful purple slopes of the mountains sheltered such bloodthirsty children of nature. Many of the tribes are semi-pacified, but not up here in the north, where the Japanese must throw out their outposts warily, as many a bitter lesson has taught them. Our return trip was made in less than a quarter of the time of the out trip, by coming down the picturesque, winding river, shooting some sixteen rapids as far as Sintiam.

We had hoped to visit the east-coast cliffs, which so few have seen and so many have vaunted from Humboldt's time down. But though a Government steamer was put at our host's disposal, we awaited fitting weather in vain. The northeast monsoon was just establishing itself for its long winter blow, and the coast was not safe. Those few folk who have had the good luck to sail by the cliffs by day and in clear weather assured me that they were not all that they have been cracked up to be, for they are ranges of mountains which from a height of 3,000 feet gradually fall into the sea. So we try to believe that our disappointment saved us a greater one. In any case, and without that trip, Formosa is both interesting and beautiful, and, as we sailed out from Tamsui, the sky, the sea, and the blue hills left a last picture on the mind of a series keenly enjoyed and to be ever happily recalled.

EMILY E. F. SKEEL.

MME. ADAM'S REMINISCENCES.

PARIS, December 8, 1905.

Madame Juliette Adam is well known in the literary and political circles of Paris. She was for a long time editor of the *Revue Moderne*, which never attained the popular-

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ity of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but had its days of importance, especially towards the end of the Second Empire and the first years of the Republic. Madame Adam would not be satisfied if it was only said of her that she has been a remarkably pretty woman and has preserved her charm and beauty to the very border of old age. She has had high ambitions, and has published, besides many articles, several books of unequal value. I confess that I much prefer to her works of imagination those which are recollections of her life. I should rank before all 'Le Roman de mon Enfance et de ma Jeunesse,' which has a grace, an originality, truly delightful. I would recommend also 'Mes Premières Armes Littéraires et Politiques,' and a third volume, the last of this biographical series, 'Mes Sentimens et Nos Idées avant 1870.'

Why does Madame Adam make a sort of distinction between 'Mes Sentimens' and 'Nos Idées'? It is because, while she intends to show herself as she was during the years that preceded the fall of the Empire, she wishes also to show us that she belonged to a group, that she was living in the atmosphere of men who had common hatreds, common instincts, hopes, and aspirations. It is for this reason that her last volume is a sort of historical page, inspiring real interest, all the more because Madame Adam has lost some illusions, has learned much from events, and is able to pass an impartial judgment on many men and things.

The book opens in January, 1865, in a pretty villa where she lived at the time on the Golfe Jouan with her father, her mother, and her daughter. An old doctor Maure and Mérimée have come on New Year's day; the doctor with a letter from M. Thiers, which he reads to the family, and in which the writer speaks of M. de Bismarck with a feeling of uneasiness. A discussion ensues on this subject. I note only the words of Mérimée, who was a Senator, a favorite and a personal friend of the Empress Eugénie.

"Bismarck," he says, "wishes to make a greater Germany in order to be able to give bigger pieces to Prussia. King William knows all about it. He defends his minister against the Chamber, against the Frankfort Bund, against the Prussian nobility, against the people. 'Some day it will be said that I was an exceptional King because I understood Bismarck,' is what he repeats to those who attack the latter. 'To accuse Bismarck of not being German is to have no eyes to see.'"

Madame Adam was a friend of Nefftzer, the founder of the *Temps*, and often praises his foresight, his views on foreign affairs. She quotes him to Mérimée and confirms his views. "Bismarck," says Nefftzer, "wishes to isolate us, to separate us from Italy. . . . He plays a very high game; he lets people accuse him of detesting Germany while he thinks of nothing but making her greater."

Many of the friends of Madame Adam were far from hostile to the Emperor. When they praised him, vaunted the commercial treaty made by him with Cobden, his speeches at the time of the Exposition, she heard the answers of the enemies of the Empire. Her sympathies were more on the side of the opposition, but she heard both sides with impartiality. Mérimée once tells her:

"'In truth, you are a sincere liberal, and you believe that the Challemel-Lacours, the Aragos and their Jacobin descendants, the Brissons, the Ferrys, the Rancs, will give you liberty if they once govern! They are the sons of Robespierre, of Saint-Just, of Marat. If ever they are in power, they will proceed not only like the Terrorists, but as the Church did in its darkest days, for they constitute a Church, these fanatics of anti-clericalism—a smaller Church, but just as fanatical. They believe themselves to be free spirits, and they are only spirits angry with the others. Between the churches of the sectarians and the churches of the clericals, I make no difference. I am a free spirit, a liberal, a sincere anti-clerical, but you . . .

"Victor Cousin was coming towards us; he heard Mérimée's last words:

"'Oh,' said he, 'the red spectre! You have it on the brain.'

"'No,' said Mérimée, 'I was speaking of the black spectre.'

"'How handsome you look,' said Cousin, turning to me. 'You could not be more elegantly dressed.'

"The compliment flattered me, and I would not be behind him. I told Cousin that he was the greatest dressmaker in the world, for he dressed his great ladies [Cousin was at the time writing of Madame de Longueville] with the magic lights of his style."

This bit of conversation is rather characteristic. The grace and charm of Madame Adam reconcile us all through the volume of her recollections to the angry and conflicting passions of those who surrounded her and were her habitual friends. The time which she describes was very interesting; everybody felt that the Imperial system was losing ground, but nobody could foresee how it would end. After the death of Morny, the chief actor in the *Coup d'Etat* of December, the famous journalist Émile de Girardin writes to Madame Adam:

"Morny's influence was the safety-valve. He had become sincerely liked, and wished to make the 2d of December forgotten. He alone was capable of imposing a liberal Cabinet, an Ollivier Cabinet, on the fluidity of Napoleon; he alone dared tell him the truth amid the lies of his entourage. He rectified the zigzags of Ollivier. Morny alone, as an every-day adviser, could use at the same time the Emperor and Ollivier for the good of France. . . . Ollivier, conducted by Morny, might have appeared a statesman. Without him as a safeguard, he will not avoid the accusation of having uselessly betrayed his party."

Madame Adam's recollections give us a vivid idea of the passionate discussions, the revolts, the excommunications, to which the Ollivier Cabinet gave rise. She took as much interest in the literary battles of the time. The dramas of the brothers Goncourt divided her friends; the majority of them were idealists, and protested against the horrors of 'Germinie Lacerteux.'

She had an evening every week, and gives us the list of her more assiduous friends. I will cite among them only Toussenel, the amiable phalansterian (one of the last of a forgotten socialistic religion), author of the 'Esprit des Bêtes'; Challemel-Lacour, Eugène Pelletan, Hippolyte Carnot, Gaston Paris, the Aragos, Nefftzer. I find a curious confession about freemasonry: "One of our friends speaks with enthusiasm of the work of the freemasons, which he proclaims admirable." "The catholicization of France by Clovis," says this friend, "will serve as a point of departure for a contrary action which will extirpate clericalism." This was said in 1870, and it is an open secret that the freemasons are in very large number in the French Chamber of 1905, which has denounced the Concordat. The anti-clerical work of the freemasons has continued without any interruption.

The discussions which took place among these friends on all possible subjects are amusingly told. Madame Adam had an evident leaning toward those who were the least fanatical. "Among most of us," she says, "the traditions of liberalism, respect for the various shades of republican opinion, were dominant; but we felt the reproaches of lukewarmness from some." One of them, who became very important afterwards, insulted the "liberals" with the name of "bourgeois." The Mexican war furnished a fine theme for the adversaries of the Empire. Toussenel one day says: "Bazaine has overstepped the measure of the *vilenies* compatible with the situation. The man is odious; he is devoured with ambition. He pushes Maximillian to acts of violence in order to compromise him; he humiliates him and revolts him by his arrogance. . . . I suspect him of criminal intrigues. I know traits in him which prove that his soul is base." Mérimée speaks thus on the subject: "Morny was convinced, and he had insinuated this conviction in the mind of the Emperor, that the United States were a menace to Europe. He wished to create in Mexico an empire which would become the protector and support of the great and small Latin republics, and to constitute by their alliance a power capable of resisting the United States." Whereupon Toussenel shrugged his shoulders and said: "The United States will sooner or later do as they like in America. Nobody can hinder them. It is useless to defy them and to assume a hostile attitude toward them."

I find a curious conversation between Nefftzer and Madame Adam at the time of Bismarck's visit to Biarritz:

"Bismarck praises Biarritz. Well, he is preparing a war against Austria; it is as clear as day. But he would like to know, in case he should persuade his sovereign, what France would do. But the enigmatic Napoleon III. [who was at Biarritz at that moment] does not know himself. In his eyes the two adversaries are of equal strength, and he believes that it will be time enough to take part for one or the other when the two adversaries are both used up. What he really wants is the return of Venice to Italy. He wants to justify his promise, 'free from the Alps to the Adriatic.' As for the interests of France in the struggle between Prussia and Austria, he does not even think of it. This devilish Bismarck will end by persuading Napoleon III. that the Venetian question, which is his fixed idea, cannot be solved without a victory by Prussia."

The extracts I have made from Madame Adam's volume will give an idea of the nature of a book which cannot in reality be analyzed, as it is a series of quite disconnected impressions and conversations. In an historical sense, however, it possesses interest, as showing what were the hopes, the likes and dislikes, the illusions of the generation which was filling the political and literary scene during the period that preceded the fatal year 1870; and, what adds some charm to the work, is the personality of its author—her impulsiveness, her faculty of seeing at a glance all sides of a question. It is to be hoped that she will soon add another volume to the series, and that we shall have, after 'Avant 1870,' 'Après 1870.'

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Correspondence.

THE "KEYNOTE" OF OMAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 7 there is found a criticism of the 'Life of Omar Al-Khayyami,' by J. K. M. Shirazi. In your criticism of Mr. Shirazi's work you say: "Mr. Shirazi well says, however, that 'agnosticism, not faith, is the keynote of his works. But it is agnosticism modified by Mohammedanism and a very human liking for the joys of life.'" Mr. Shirazi has wrongly followed, though, no doubt willingly, the commentaries of the French admirers of the great "astronomer-poet" of Persia; and the French commentators and Mr. Shirazi, with respect be it spoken, have willingly or wofully misconceived the spirit of the chord of Omar Khayyám. So have you, with profound respect be it spoken. The keynote of the works of Omar was faith, and with that profound faith there was contempt for the gross sensualness of Mohammedanism, coupled, nevertheless, as you rightly observe, "with "a very human liking" for them. The French, who delight in proclamations of agnosticism, with contempt for it, are not unlike poor Omar, who despised Mohammedanism, but availed himself of its licenses. But you have forgotten, what an American critic ought not to have forgotten, this exquisite rubáiyát:

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Omar Khayyám was a great mathematician; a logician knowing the value of words and the weight to be given to a formulated proposition. He appreciated what he felt and what he had committed to writing, and he was content to be judged thereby. When he declared that it was the earthly hope that turned to ashes after a little hour or two, he must be taken as distinctly implying his belief in an eternal hope that would neither turn to ashes nor, "Like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two" and then vanish; and no poet, preceding or coming after Omar, could more forcibly or more exquisitely have proclaimed his faith in a future life of pain or of happiness. At least neither poet nor believer ever did.

The rubáiyát I have quoted is but one of many that could be quoted in defence of the faith of the great astronomer-poet, but all that could be quoted are but complemental to his confession of faith, while running through his works is a vein of contempt—not often concealed—for Mohammedanism.—Very respectfully,

LAURIE J. BLAKELY.

COVINGTON, KY., December 19, 1905.

[Our judgment on the agnosticism of Omar Khayyám was based neither on the book of Mr. Shirazi nor on the adaptation of FitzGerald, but on a certain amount of study of the original text, but we suggest that our correspondent read the real versions of a poet whom we both admire, Whinfield's 'Quatrains of Omar Khayyám' (London, 1893), and, perhaps still better, Payne's 'Quatrains of Omar Kheyyám of Nishapour' (London, 1898). Omar is not an easy poet, and his quatrains represent, as do the thoughts of all men who endeavor to unravel the tangle of life, diverse and conflicting views according to mood and experience. Our faith in FitzGerald as an interpreter is as scanty as in the French commentators whom Mr. Blakely rightly condemns. Poet and man must be judged by the sum total of their words, not by isolated expressions, beautiful though they may be. Uninfluenced, then, by Shirazi, Nicholas, or FitzGerald, we still feel that, all things considered, the keynote of Omar is agnosticism; that it is summed up in the eleventh ode of the first book of Horace with its refrain of *Carpe diem.* —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

We are glad to learn that a life of the great anatomist, Jeffries Wyman, is in preparation. It has been undertaken by Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell.

'The Queen's Christmas Carol' is a unique book published in London on behalf of the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed. It consists of poems, stories, sketches, drawings, and pieces of music by leading British authors, artists, and composers, who have united to make in this way their response to the appeal. Among the nearly fifty contributors are the Poet Laureate, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Holman Hunt, Sir F. Burnand, Austin Dobson, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Marie Corelli, and Sarah Grand. The publication has been undertaken by Sir Alfred Harmsworth, and the cost (half a crown) places it within the reach of nearly all classes. The fund now amounts to more than half a million dollars.

The Division of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress has just put forth a 'List of the Benjamin Franklin Papers' in that storehouse, prepared by John C. Fitzpatrick. What is here made available is the "second series," so called, of the Stevens collection acquired by the Government; or, the non-diplomatic MSS. yielded by the State Department to the Library of Congress. To that extent it is doing well what had been done badly in the list of the entire collection printed by the Senate of the 47th Congress. As a calendar it is purposely not minutely analytical. On the other hand it embodies papers found in the Library outside the collection, and indicates previous use of any in print, particularly by Mr. John Bigelow. There is an index of persons and topics, and this serves well enough through its chronological arrangement and fill less than ten pages; still, some time must needs be lost—*e. g.*, let one try to run down the rubric "English honesty."

We are glad to record the appearance of another volume, 'King Lear,' in the pocket-edition of the First Folio, so scrupulously edited by Misses Porter and Clarke (Crowell). Glossary, variorum readings, literary illustrations, and selected criticisms make each volume a sufficient library for leisurely study and enjoyment of the play.

Mr. A. R. Waller's authentic editions in the "Cambridge English Classics" (Macmillan) are continued with Matthew Prior's 'Poems on Several Occasions,' following the text of the poet's last collected issue, the folio of 1718, with variants from the edition of 1709 and other sources. This labor has been performed with Mr. Waller's well-known conscientiousness and particularity. Another volume, of prose and verse, will succeed the present.

The sister university press (H. Frowde) adds two more volumes to its "Oxford Edition" of standard authors, viz., 'Cowper' and 'Browning.' These are plain, frankly popular imprints, pleasingly if soberly bound, and each with its portrait and introduction. The 'Cowper' is fuller than any previous collection, as it has gathered in some scattered poems of comparatively recent discovery. It omits the Homer and "Adamo." Much critical labor has been bestowed on text and dates by Mr. H. S. Milford, who gives a useful chronological table of Cowper's life and time. The 'Browning' is in the main a reprint of the three-volume edition of 1863, but it includes "Pauline" from the edition of 1833, and two pieces never reprinted by their author in any collected edition of his poems.

The excellent series of "Tudor Translations" (London: David Nutt) has been enriched by two volumes of Machiavelli's works. The first contains 'The Art of War,' translated by Peter Whitehorne and first published in 1560; and 'The Prince,' in the version of Edward Dacres, which dates from 1640. The second volume is filled with 'The Florentine History,' Englished by Thomas Bedingfield in 1595. We do not need to call attention to these seasoned works, which may be read with pleasure by any one who has a taste for the rich, sententious English prose of three centuries ago. But more than passing mention should be made of the introduction, written by Mr. Henry Cust, M. P. In an essay of some forty pages he gives an admirable sketch of Machiavelli's life and a critical analysis of his writings. Remembering how easily men otherwise sane suffer delirium in dealing with 'The Prince' and its author, we can hardly praise Mr. Cust's sobriety too highly. He gives a true glimpse of Machiavelli's greatness, as historian, as political philosopher, as prophet of reforms which came to pass many generations later, as dramatist and as writer. He says with exact truth, "The slender volume of 'The Prince' has probably produced wider discussion, more bitter controversy, more varied interpretation, and a deeper influence than any book save Holy Writ." He might

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Florentine whose genius has been the storm centre of prejudice for nearly four hundred years.

Miss Bearne's 'A Queen of Napoleon's Court' (Dutton & Co.) is a life of Désirée Bernadotte, and will doubtless achieve a satisfactory circulation. It will please a class of readers unacquainted with Bourrienne and Madame Lenormand, indifferent as to criticism and judgment, unskilled in matters of grammar and rhetoric, intent merely on promiscuous anecdote and cheap sentiment. The critic is left disarmed by the obvious candor of Miss Bearne's mind and her complete, if unrealized, helplessness before the problem she has attempted. However, she is sure to reach a wide public, and may find consolation in that fact.

T. Henry Dewey's 'Legislation against Speculation and Gambling in the Forms of Trade' (Baker, Voorhis & Co.) is a small volume of seventy pages collecting the English and American statutes dealing with this subject—not only those prohibiting, but those permitting, speculative transactions. These last, *e. g.*, the English and New York statutes authorizing "short" sales, are quite as important as the former, which, except to a very limited extent, are inoperative. The author thinks that the compilation demonstrates "the confusion, inconsistency, and absurdity of the attitude of the public manifested in them," but is also of opinion that there is now "a decided tendency toward non-interference with the natural courses of trade." The true test would seem to be "whether the right of the buyer to require, and of the seller to make, actual delivery existed." On one side of this is legitimate speculation; on the other, "bucket-shopping." The usual mistake of statute-makers is to adopt the false test of the *intention* to make actual delivery. The true test is difficult enough to apply; the false one makes confusion of the whole subject.

The principal article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December is by United States Consul-General Fee of Bombay, on the Parsees of India. He gives a brief account of their religious belief and history, and then describes their manner of life, especially the ceremonies attending marriages and funerals. Contrasting their condition as a peaceful, wealthy, and influential community, the most intelligent and liberal of all the Indian peoples, with the low estate of their brethren in Persia, he regards them as a remarkable instance of the beneficence of British rule. There are a number of interesting illustrations, including a portrait of the cotton manufacturer, Mr. Tata, who has just given a million dollars for the founding of an Indian University of Research. Among the other contents is the wise and temperate Chicago address on China and the United States by the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, in which the exclusion question is discussed, and Chairman Shonts's account of what has been accomplished towards building the Panama Canal. Referring to the workmen employed, he says: "It is estimated we do not get more than 25 per cent. of the efficiency of labor in the United

tract-labor law, of the Chinese Exclusion act, or of any other law passed or to be passed by Congress for the benefit of labor at home, to labor on the Isthmus is a serious error.

The nearly two-century-old "charity of the Rev. Thomas Bray and his associates, for founding clerical libraries and supporting negro schools," is about to have a new lease of life. The charity commissioners of England have drafted a scheme providing for the appointment of a body of managing associates and for a division of the funds. The educational endowment, consisting of about $30,000, together with $290 yearly rent of property in Market Street, Philadelphia, will be applied towards the support of schools for negroes in Nova Scotia and the Bahamas. The remainder of the funds, amounting to about $23,000, will be used for the establishment, maintenance, or augmentation of theological libraries in Great Britain or elsewhere for the use of clergymen of the Church of England and students who are candidates for holy orders. The first of the thirty-nine American libraries established through the efforts of Doctor Bray was founded in Annapolis, Md.

The next International Medical Congress will again be held on the Iberian peninsula, namely, in Lisbon, from the 19th to the 26th of April, 1906. The preparations are in the hands of a committee headed by Prof. Miguel Bombarda, who is reported to be diligently at work removing the troubles that brought the last meeting in Madrid into an almost chaotic state. One of these difficulties was to find proper hotel quarters. As the hotels in Lisbon are inferior to those in Madrid, arrangements have been made for a first-class ocean steamer to bring most of the participants to Lisbon and to furnish quarters and meals to its passengers during the period of the convention.

—Mr. A. F. Bandelier has turned aside from his Peruvian studies to look over the ground covered during his early labors for the Archæological Institute of America, in preparing the notes for a new translation of the 'Naufragios' of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, issued in the "Trail-Makers" series (A. S. Barnes & Co.). This translation, by Mrs. Bandelier, has been made with much care, and will replace that of Buckingham Smith, published half a century ago, as the authoritative English version of the earliest detailed account of the Gulf States. Mr. Bandelier contributes an introduction and various notes which should be useful to readers unfamiliar with the subject, by giving them a general idea of the course followed by the Spanish wanderers. It is unfortunate that they were not at the same time made of use to students, by including in them some of the results of the earnest study to which the Cabeza de Vaca narrative has been subjected during the last decade. Every student of Southwestern history recognizes Mr. Bandelier as the master whose remarkable 'Historical Introduction,' published in 1881, made possible all that has since been done in this field. That book, dealing with subjects upon which no satisfactory studies had previously been

knowledge, insight, and judgment, the larger part of his conclusions in matters of detail have been affected by more intimate acquaintance with localities and more thoughtful comparisons of sources of information. It is unlikely that any one will ever know just how Cabeza de Vaca got from the fresh waters of the Mississippi to the Gulf of California, because his own notions as to the route he had travelled must have been confused and indefinite. Those who know the regions through which he may have passed, have nevertheless been able to limit his possible course in some respects, and to raise strong presumptions in others; and it would have been desirable to have had these considerable modifications in the route as previously laid down taken account of in the notes to so excellent a translation.

—It was a happy thought on the part of Friedrich Kerst to bring together, in little volumes of 100 or more pages each, the gist of what eminent composers have said about themselves and others, and upon diverse topics, chiefly artistic. Schuster & Loeffler of Berlin have already brought out four volumes in this "Brevier-Bibliothek," dealing with Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and Schubert, and these are having a large sale. Excellent English versions of the first two have just been printed by B. W. Huebsch. The translator is H. E. Krehbiel, who has added a number of explanatory notes. The plan of these books is to print, so far as possible, the composer's exact words, followed, in each case, by a note in smaller type explaining the circumstances under which they were spoken or written. Moreover, the aphorisms and other sayings are classified. In the case of Beethoven we have sections Concerning Art, Love of Nature, Concerning Texts, On Composing, On Performing Music, On his own works, On Art and Artists, Beethoven as Critic, On Education, On his own Disposition and Character. The Sufferer, Worldly Wisdom. Mozart's utterances are similarly grouped. Comparing the contents of the two books, one gets the impression that, quite apart from their musical gifts, Mozart's mind is much the more keen and stimulating. Beethoven's letters are concerned chiefly with business and other prosaic details, while Mozart's have a distinct literary value. Nevertheless, the 'Beethoven' is well worth perusing. Champions of the latest aberrations in programme music, for example, might read with profit the Bonn master's maxim: "Carried too far, all delineation in instrumental music loses in efficiency." And how prophetically this sums up the tendencies of the Richard Strauss school: "When the gentlemen can think of nothing new, and can go no further, they quickly call in a diminished seventh chord to help them out of the predicament." From the Mozart volume one is tempted to quote freely, it is so full of good things; but a few samples must suffice. "Sewing-machine" pianists of the time, listen! Mozart saw through you long ago: "It is much easier to play rapidly than slowly; you can drop a few

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ed by the German masters from Beethoven to Wagner, what a blessing it would have been! It is worthy of note that while Mozart seems opposed to the modern idea that "in opera, willy-nilly, poetry must be the obedient daughter of music," he nevertheless anticipates Wagner in saying that "Verses are the most indispensable things in music, but rhymes, for the sake of rhymes, the most injurious. . . . It were best if a good composer, who understands the stage, and is himself able to suggest something, and a clever poet could be united in one, like a phœnix."

—A recent addition to the Pilgrimage Series published by A. & C. Black, is Mr. H. Snowden Ward's 'The Canterbury Pilgrimages' (Philadelphia: Lippincott). From the point of view of the historian, Mr. Ward has written a very minute and interesting description of the life and death of Thomas à Becket and of the cult of St. Thomas. This cult, which spread throughout England and the Continent, was at first opposed by the churchmen of Canterbury, who were jealous of Thomas, and had viewed complacently enough the fall of the unruly archbishop. But the remains of the martyr displayed, from the first, wonderful healing powers, and the monks were compelled to recognize their virtue and welcome the countless pilgrims who thronged to Canterbury. The cult persisted from the middle of the twelfth century till the reforming zeal of Henry VIII. in the sixteenth swept away all the material traces of the saint and his worship in England. Mr. Ward's chapters on the pilgrimages, with their résumé of Chaucer's 'Tales,' are an excellent introduction to Chaucer. He follows the route of those famous pilgrims from the Tabard Inn in Southwark, down the Old Kent Road to Dartford, Rochester, Sittingbourne, Ospringe, till from Harbledown Hill they saw before them the great golden angel that, in those days, stood on the central spire of Canterbury Cathedral. The 'Tales' were told, as every reader knows, partly during the halts in that leisurely ride of fifty-six miles from London to Canterbury, partly on the ride itself. The Pilgrims' way was then unfenced, often only a path, and the modern road by no means represents, except at intervals, the rough track that Chaucer travelled. Mr. Ward's book has an interest quite apart from the pilgrims; the antiquities of the whole route he describes at length and illustrates with charming photographs, the work of Mrs. Ward, who started from either London or Winchester. There are good maps of the localities. Kent has other pilgrims, nowadays, not less numerous but more destructive than those of old. These are the "hoppers," who annually descend on the county to pick hops and spread in every hop-growing district the manners of the London slums. Mr. Ward gives an interesting list of words and phrases derived from the old cult of St. Thomas. "Pilgrim way" is still used to denote a path little used and hard to travel. A "canterbury" is, according to him, still used in America, if no longer in England, in the sense of a 'traveller's tale"; the pace known to all as a canter is a contraction of the Canterbury gallop; and "cant" is whimsically said to have been originally applied to "the hypocritical dissertations of those who had been to the martyr's shrine."

—'A Yankee in Pigmy Land,' by William Edgar Geil (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is the bright narrative of a journey across equatorial Africa, by rail to Uganda, caravan through the great forest, and steamboat to the mouth of the Congo. The transit seems to have been singularly free from exciting episodes with either men or animals, as there were no recorded encounters with wild beasts, and the natives were everywhere friendly. The principal point of interest in Uganda was the missionary work, which is described with enthusiasm and in some detail—a chapter being devoted to a biographical sketch of Bishop Tucker. The pigmies naturally receive the most attention, and a pleasant picture is drawn of them and their simple life. A characteristic, distinguishing them from the other natives, is their love of fun, which is so marked that Mr. Geil styles the forest in which they live the Land of Laughter. They show no signs of degeneracy, but are finely formed, possess great bodily strength, and are capable of great development. Mr. Geil is very guarded in his references to the government of the Congo State, but it is evident that he saw much that sustained the accusations of inefficiency and misgovernment. He says that, as a rule, the officials are underpaid, and their use of intoxicants is almost universal. Considering the climate and their surroundings, the statement is not surprising that insanity prevails among them, and "that ninety per cent. of the officers of this government and officials whom I met were sick. Extend military power to an irritable, nervous man, let there be no dissenting white men with strong humane sentiments as observers, and the kind of treatment which will be meted out to the black can easily be prophesied" (p. 326). It should be added that our author records no flagrant cases of cruelty of which he was eye-witness, but that he tells of much that has been done to civilize and develop the people in the neighborhood of some of the stations. The humor in which he indulges in his narrative is carried too far and becomes wearisome. At times it seriously obscures his meaning, and suggests an occasional doubt as to whether the whole book is not a joke. The illustrations consist of a hundred reproductions of photographs, mostly of the author and the natives and their surroundings.

—The last two volumes (18 and 19) issued by the Selden Society are a collection of Borough Customs, edited by Miss Mary Bateson, and a second volume of the Year-Books of Edward II., edited by Professor Maitland. Miss Bateson's material has been laboriously gathered from the printed and manuscript custumals, or codes of customs of the English boroughs; but no effort has been made to exhaust this field of research. Still less has she attempted the gigantic task of hunting for customs through the manuscript court-rolls of the English boroughs, a vast territory which still awaits the historical explorer. The arrangement of the extracts according to subject-matter and not according to provenance is the best for purposes of comparative study. The editing, as we might expect, is admirable, and the value of the collection to the student of English legal origins, is manifest. Professor Maitland's present volume lacks the extraordinary charm which his historical and critical introduction imparted to the first instalment of these Year-Books; but its contents are in interest fully equal to those of its predecessors. Here, again, we find astonishing touches of real life handed down by the unknown reporter. Thus, the great Bereford, C. J., in answer to counsel pointing out the hardship which his client will suffer, retorts (p. 140): "If he accepted a recognizance in a silly form, who is to blame for his folly?" And in another case, which will surely be important to future historians of English equity, the same judge asks: "With what equity, look you! can you demand this penalty?" (p. 59.) As before, each unofficial report is, whenever possible, elucidated by the addition of the dry official record from the original court-roll; in this respect, the Selden Society's volumes are superior to those of the Rolls series edited by Mr. Pike. It is to be hoped that the gap in that series between the last year of Edward I. and the eleventh of Edward III. will continue to be filled in this masterly manner.

—The Proceedings of the Association of German Librarians at its meeting in the city of Posen last June are printed in the September-October number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*. The list of papers opened with an account of the new Kaiser-Wilhelm-Bibliothek by its Director, Dr. Rudolf Focke. Although only two and a half years old, it has already become one of the more important libraries of the Empire, standing as a bulwark for German culture on a more or less foreign (Polish) soil. Dr. Hans Paalzow followed with a discussion of the recent plans for uniform cataloguing of German libraries. He gave first a survey of the history of the Prussian Union Catalogue, emphasizing the important services of the Government authorities in furtherance of this undertaking, especially those of the Ministerialdirektor, Dr. K. Althoff. In this connection the speaker brought out the interesting fact that it was on Althoff's initiative that Heinrich von Treitschke in 1884 published his now famous article in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Both Dr. Paalzow and Dr. Erman, who also contributed a paper on this subject, agreed that the form of entries might with advantage be made simpler, and that much would be gained in point of time if the scope of the catalogue could be temporarily restricted by omitting for the present such classes of books as school books, funeral sermons, and other more ephemeral literature, as well as incunabula and Orientalia. The question of a general classified catalogue of the German (not alone Prussian) libraries was also discussed and its importance strongly brought out, especially by Dr. Paalzow. Dr. Erman's paper was in part a reply to critics, pointing out that the care of the classed catalogue is by no means the only scientific work of the librarian; that the assistance given to seekers for information and the systematic inquiry into and filling of the gaps in a library's collections really are of as much importance scientifically.

—Problems connected with classification are treated also in the *Festschrift* which Dr. Focke and his collaborators prepared and presented to the librarians who met in Posen. Dr. Focke's address on "Classification: the General Theory," delivered at the

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St. Louis Conference last year, is here printed in the original, somewhat expanded and accompanied by a compact "Instructions for the Classed Catalogue," which must be regarded as an important contribution to a subject whose literature is not over rich. Dr. B. Wenzel describes the bibliographical division of the catalogue of the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Bibliothek, and Dr. F. G. Schultheiss discusses the division "Kulturgeschichte" as a development of the Halle classification. The most generally interesting of the other papers is a survey of Polish Bibliography by the bookseller, J. Jolowicz.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.

The Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay. 1788-1840. With Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. Vols. IV.-VI. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The fourth volume of Fanny Burney's 'Diary' covers the last three years of her life at Court, years of ill health and fatigue, in which her chief consolation seems to have been the composition of her first tragedy, which was no sooner completed than she began another, finding that these pictures of fictitious woe "soothed the melancholy of imagination." It is curious that, in her list of grievances against her profession as maid of honor, her bitterest complaint is not that her duties left her no time to write. In fact, one of the most striking features of the whole six volumes is the absence of literary interest. One never has the impression that this is the revelation of the private life of a woman of letters. Fanny was no Mrs. Jellaby. Family ties, home life, and the refinements of the best society filled her foreground, and it is obvious that she preferred a volume of travels or religious meditations by her friends among the bishops to any other reading. In 1790, after an estrangement of six years, she met again Mrs. Piozzi, "my formerly most dearly loved Mrs. Thrale," who had been cut by most of her fashionable acquaintances on her second marriage. From this time they were on polite but not cordial terms until, in Fanny Burney's last years, the sorrows of both women drew them together. The derangement, this time only temporary, of George III. is the main topic of volume four. It was Macaulay who pronounced this part of the narrative more important to the historian than any equal portion of Pepys or Evelyn. Not long after the King's recovery, Fanny Burney was allowed to retire to her father's house, awarded by the kindness of Queen Charlotte an annuity of £100.

The first chapters of the fifth volume, 1792-1802, describe Fanny's gradual restoration to health, and, as part of her Southern Tour with her friend Mrs. Ord, her visit to Bath, which was clouded by memories of her lost friend Dr. Johnson, who had been one of Mrs. Thrale's gay party when a season was spent at Bath soon after the publication of 'Evelina.' In 1792 it is interesting to find Fanny's brother, Charles Burney, starting a subscription for "his very learned friend, Mr. Porson," who had been suddenly left, as she says, "at large without a guinea" (p. 108). The application for subscriptions was made "only to the rich and learned," and Porson received from this source about ten thousand dollars. Those who are interested to prove that reading, for the Greeks, usually meant reading aloud, and quote St. Augustine's practice and the incident in the eighth chapter of the Acts as evidence of the custom, should note that on page 96 of this volume Burke is described as reading Boileau "aloud, though to himself."

In 1792 the absorbing theme was French politics, and Fanny Burney was constantly encountering at the houses of her friends some of the most distinguished among the *émigrés*. Her sister, Mrs. Phillips, lived at Mickleham, near Box Hill, in Surrey. Not far off was Juniper Hall, a house which still stands, though much altered, close to the Dorking Road. It was there that a small colony of French exiles settled themselves in 1792, among them the Duc de Montmorency, the Comte de Narbonne-Lara, who had been Minister of War to Louis XVI., the Comte de Girardin, son of Rousseau's friend, and other no less distinguished persons, men and women, who waited in terrible suspense for news of the King's fate, on which hung their own fortunes and chances of return to France. Among them was the Comte d'Arblay, La Fayette's adjutant, who had been on guard at the Tuileries on the night when Louis escaped to Varennes in 1791, and had on this account been denounced by the revolutionaries and obliged to flee. Fanny Burney soon became a favorite visitor at Juniper Hall, where she met among others Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, who, though an ambassadress, was unsafe in Paris because she had received and protected in her house certain destined victims of the 10th of August and the 2d of September. Talleyrand, Fanny at first disliked, though later she calls him "one of the most charming of this exquisite set." But, from the first, Alexander d'Arblay won all hearts, and received the nickname, "the best of men." When he quitted France with La Fayette, he had only a little ready money in his pocket, and all his property was soon seized and confiscated by the Convention. While in England, he shared the purse of De Narbonne. His financial prospects were not therefore encouraging, and when, in the spring of 1793, Fanny Burney announced to her father her projected marriage to the penniless exile, she met with the strongest opposition. Dr. Burney was at last persuaded to give a reluctant consent, but was not present when, in July, 1793, the marriage took place in Mickleham church, and for two years he remained "cold and averse."

The last two-thirds of this volume describes the life of the D'Arblays in a Surrey cottage on an income of £125, derived from the rather uncertain source of Fanny's pension and a meagre allowance from Dr. Burney. In 1796 Fanny published her third novel, 'Camilla,' which, though it was considered far inferior to 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' was much more lucrative, since with the proceeds, nearly £3,000, she built "Camilla Cottage," at West Humble, in Surrey. In this house, now much enlarged and called "Camilla Lacey," the property of Mr. Harris, the D'Arblays lived till 1802, when they left Surrey forever. Their son, Alexander D'Arblay, was born in 1794 at the "Hermitage," Great Bookham. Artemus Ward was supposed to be the first to call a baby an episode, but we find Madame d'Arblay, in an interview with George III., who with the Queen gave her a hundred guineas for their copies of 'Camilla,' answering his question, "And about what time did you give to it?" "All my time, Sir; from the period I planned publishing it, I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode but a little baby" (p. 274). In 1800 Fanny's comedy called "Love and Fashion" was being rehearsed at Covent Garden. She had been promised £400 for the MS., when Dr. Burney took fright, on grounds that remain a mystery, and persuaded his daughter to withdraw the play. This she did with much chagrin but unquestioning obedience.

The sixth and last volume is the most interesting, at least historically. The D'Arblays removed to Paris in 1802. They had nothing to hope from Napoleon, since D'Arblay could hold no military post in consequence of his firm refusal to take up arms at any time in the future against England. They were warmly welcomed, however, by the best Royalist society, and were admitted to the First Consul's receptions, of which Madame d'Arblay gives amusing accounts. For some years they lived in retirement at Passy, in great poverty, since D'Arblay had recovered only a very small and encumbered portion of his estate, with a content that would have been complete had they not been cut off from intercourse with England by the war that broke out in 1803. It was ten years before, in 1812, Fanny again saw her English friends, running the greatest risks of arrest and imprisonment by secretly crossing to England in defiance of the edict of the Emperor Napoleon. There, in 1814, she published 'The Wanderer,' her last novel. All her readers were disappointed to find that she had not used her intimate knowledge of French affairs and society to introduce a fresh *milieu*. Her contract secured her at least £1,500. But her interest in the book's reception was shadowed by the death of Dr. Burney in 1814. When peace was declared in that year, she was presented in London to Louis XVIII., who held a small court in Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street, before his triumphant accession. The description of her presentation and of the whole function is one of the liveliest in the 'Diary,' for no one surpasses Fanny Burney in reciting the humors and embarrassments of social ceremonies. With the restoration of the Bourbons, D'Arblay obtained his due rank as Maréchal, and was appointed one of the bodyguard of the King.

Early in 1815 Madame d'Arblay, now again in Paris, relates her interview with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the surviving daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. This unfortunate lady's resentment at her misfortunes and sensitiveness to any fancied slight made her manner in general far from gracious, and she was unpopular in Paris, where, as she said to Rambuteau, she "expected to be misunderstood." But to the authoress of 'The Wanderer,' which she was reading in the French translation, she was all condescension. Shortly after this interview came the return of Bonaparte from Elba and the Hundred Days. D'Arblay was sent on a recruiting mission for the hopeless cause of the King, who had fled to the Netherlands, while Madame d'Arblay retired to Brussels. There she stayed for some time after the battle of Waterloo. Of all the terrors, the suspense, the disappoint-

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ments, and at last the successes of Wellington which ended in the restoration of the Bourbons, she was a spectator. Over 120 pages are devoted to the events of those three months. In the Brussels that she describes on the eve of Waterloo there are few echoes of "revelry." Her son was safe at college in England, but her husband was in a position of the greatest danger, and with no chance whatever of gaining distinction from his mission. Her tale is filled with all the varied horrors of war. Brussels was a place of terror for all but the phlegmatic inhabitants; and after the defeat of Bonaparte, though the suspense of the French fugitives was relieved, they had to witness the horrors of a city transformed into a hospital and threatened with pestilence, the streets crowded with grim processions of the dead and dying. Gen. d'Arblay's health was shattered by the fatigues and anxieties of the campaign, and he retired on half-pay to England, where he died at Bath in 1818. His widow's happiness was now centred in her son Alexander, who in 1817 was Tenth Wrangler and received a fellowship at Christ's College, Cambridge. This eccentric son, who had given his parents the greatest anxiety from his hatred of all that was conventional, and an indolence that threatened his prospects, did not long live to console his mother. He was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and died in 1837, leaving Madame d'Arblay now completely alone in the world. Her last years are sad reading. Blindness and increasing infirmity weighed on her spirits, and she found that even her taste for books had deserted her. She died in 1840 at the age of eighty-seven, and was buried near her husband and son at Bath.

In the last volume is included a postscript by Mr. Austin Dobson, who takes the opportunity of the instalment plan under which the work has been issued to add certain afterthoughts and explanations. He has been criticised for not including in this reissue the 'Early Diary' of 1768-78. This had not been printed in the original edition of 1842, but it was published in great part, and with lavish notes, as late as 1889. It was therefore thought inexpedient to add it to the 'Diary' in its present form. Mr. Dobson has evidently been reproached for the brevity of his footnotes, which, for our part, we have found amply sufficient, and even, for a careful reader, often superfluous; and he has had to defend his omission of a new introduction. This was rather hard on one who had obviously said all that can be said in his volume in the "English Men of Letters" series on a writer who has told her own tale so admirably, and whose talents and defects are obvious to the least gifted critic. Mr. Dobson's edition takes the place of that of the early forties, which is become rare. The 'Diary' is now reduced to six instead of seven volumes, and though they are considerably larger than the original issue, the excellent type and light paper more than atone for the extra size. The illustrations are reproduced to far greater advantage, and many photographs have been added. Each volume has a separate index, while the last closes with an excellent general index of the whole work, which is certainly Fanny Burney's most important and most permanent contribution to literature.

LANDOR'S FLORENCE.

The Florence of Landor. By Lilian Whiting. With photographic illustrations. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1905.

Without giving any but the barest details of the poet's life, Miss Whiting brings vividly before us the brilliant circle of choice intellects, so attached to Landor and to Florence, who ministered to his later years. Walter Savage Landor was the pioneer of that Anglo-American colony which has left its mark on Florence. He came there in 1821, after having already spent six years in Italy, first in Como, then in Milan and Pisa. We must take exception to Miss Whiting's assertion: "The Florence of Landor differed little from the Florence of to-day." Florence in 1821 was the most picturesque of cities, standing amid its walls; the ruthless hand of so-called progress has swept away innumerable landmarks of her past. Peruzzi, when she was destined to be the capital of Italy, had the walls torn down and reduced her to the dead level of a modern city. The picturesque quality of any place must needs give way to hygienic measures and modern requirements, and the changes have never ceased. The influx of thirty thousand tourists every spring creates needs which are satisfied only by the ever-growing rows of hotels, shops, and tramways. Italy of to-day delights in emulating every phase of civilization; her greatest ambition is to be up to date with latest inventions; hence it would be preposterous to suppose it is the Florence of Landor's time we now see before us. The visitor who has been absent for even two years cannot but note the increasing number of factories which spread a veil of smoke over the city when he looks down on her from the hillside of Fiesole; also, the innumerable little white villas dotted too frequently among her olive orchards over her surrounding hills tell of her popularity, but do not add to her charm. Her chief monuments, fortunately, remain for the most part intact, but their setting is entirely different. Many still remember that wonderful avenue of cypress trees leading up to San Miniato cut down to make the drive of the Viale dei Colli; and just now the Torre al Gallo, Galileo's tower, has been demolished and is being restored to serve as a *pension* for foreigners.

It was another Florence that Landor knew, and which offered new life and inspiration to him. *Destiny* had led his steps thither, and the "Great Companions," to quote Whitman, "are on the road—they are the swift and majestic men—they are the greatest women"; "Destiny," who, as George Eliot says, "stands by sarcastic, with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand." Of these were Leigh Hunt, Lord and Lady Blessington, Francis and Julius Hare, Mr. Kirkup, the Trollopes, the Brownings, Isa Blagden, the poetess, Lady Bulwer, Mrs. Anna Jameson, Byron, Emerson, Mrs. Somerville, the Hawthornes, John Kenyon, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Mrs. Stowe, Margaret Fuller (Marchesa d'Ossoli), Frances Power Cobbe, Theodore Parker, Pasquale Villari and his wife (then Linda White); Kate Field, Sir Frederic Leighton, the Thackerays, Frederic Tennyson, Hiram Powers, Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), George Eliot, and Mr. Lewes, Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore Story, Swinburne, and many others, who "came and went—or came and stayed," during the forty years of Landor's life there.

He first lodged in the Palazzo Medici; it was not until 1829 that he became the owner of the Gherardesca villa through the extreme generosity of his friend and ardent admirer, Mr. Ablett. We quote a letter of Landor's to his sister narrating how this piece of good fortune befell him:

"Two years ago, in the beginning of the spring, I took a walk towards Fiesole with a gentleman settled in North Wales, Mr. Ablett. I showed him a small cottage with about twelve acres of land, which I was about to take. He admired the situation, but preferred another house very near it, with a much greater quantity of ground annexed. I endeavored to persuade him to become my neighbor. He said little at the time, beyond the pleasure he should have in seeing me so pleasantly situated; but he made inquiries about the price of the larger house, and heard it was not to be let, but that it might be bought for about two thousand pounds. He first desired me to buy it for him; then to keep it for myself; then to repay him the money whenever I was rich enough—and if I never was, to leave it for my heirs to settle. In fact, he refuses even a farthing of interest. All this was done by a man with whom I had not been more than a few months acquainted. It is true, his fortune is very large; but if others equal him in fortune, no human being ever equalled him in generosity."

It was this same Mr. Ablett who commissioned the sculptor Gibson to make a bust of Landor, of which he gave him a copy.

This was the happiest time of the poet's life. He thoroughly enjoyed improving and planting his garden and getting the villa into order. "My country now is Italy," he writes to his sister, "where I have a residence for life, and can literally sit under my own vine and fig tree. I have some thousands of the one and some scores of the other, with myrtles, pomegranates, lemons, and mimosas in great variety." He planted two hundred cypresses, which, round the lawn, are a very distinctive feature of the garden to this day. The villa was splendidly situated; every window framed a beautiful view.

"Every spot around was an illustrious memory," writes Forster. "To the left the house of Machiavelli; still farther in that direction, nestling mostly amid the blue hills, the white village of Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born, on the banks of the neighboring Mugnone the house of Dante and in the background Galileo's villa of Arcetri and the palaces and cathedrals of Florence. In the thick of this noble landscape, forming part of the village of San Domenico di Fiesole, stood the villa which had now become Landor's. The Valley of the Ladies was in his grounds; the Arico and the Mensola ran through them; above was the ivy-clad convent of the Doccia overhung with cypress; and from his iron entrance gate might be seen Valdarno and Vallombrosa."

The Careggi villa, in which Lorenzo the Magnificent lived and died, was close at hand, and added not a little to the fascination of the locality for Landor. Here Leigh Hunt found him "living among his paintings and hospitalities in a style of unostentatious elegance," "a man of vehement nature and great delicacy of imagination, like a stormy mountain pine that should produce lilies."

It was during this early happy time at

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the villa that Landor wrote his 'Imaginary Conversations,' that great landmark in English literature. They fill six large volumes, dramatizing the thoughts of the most important individualities of all times. In Lowell's opinion, no poet excepting Shakspere has furnished so many delicate aphorisms of human nature as Landor. He had the habit of composing these wonderful conversations as he walked alone on the Fiesolan hillsides, declaiming them as he went, Landor himself, with reference to this habit of composing in the open air, which Emerson had also, says: "It is my practice and ever has been to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and show herself to the people. Her health and vigor and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields."

It was in 1833 that Emerson went up to dine with Landor, who had invited the American sage through the medium of the sculptor, Horatio Greenough. Want of space prevents our quoting Emerson's record of those visits to Landor, which he published in 'English Traits' twenty-three years later, and which called from Landor a rather petulant retort. Emerson, Mr. Forster tells us, for more than twenty years, made the 'Imaginary Conversations' his constant companion, and

"publicly expressed to Landor his gratitude for having given him a resource that had never failed him in solitude. He had but to turn to its rich and ample pages to find always free and sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an industrious observation in every department of life, an experience to which it might seem that nothing had occurred in vain, honor for every just and generous sentiment, and a scourge like that of the Furies for every oppressor, whether public or private."

Emerson pronounced Landor to be one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature.

A chapter full of suggestive reconstruction is devoted to that episode of Landor's early life, his deep feeling for Rose Aylmer, who died in India at the age of twenty. His love for her and the remembrance of her seem to have tinged his whole life; later on, his affection for her niece and namesake, Rose Paynter, afterwards Lady Graves Sawle, continued to inspire much of his poetry. But by far the most interesting portion of the book is that which treats of the later period of Landor's life, when through family dissensions and feuds he was driven from his villa to find a refuge in Florence, among his devoted friends. The Brownings, and the Storys seem to have been quite a Providence to him, the latter keeping him for months in their villa, always occupying themselves with his affairs, and affording the most delightful social intercourse. It is the extracts from letters, and the narrative of Landor's friends, their excursions with him and talks and all the cross correspondence so ably put together, that give the charm to the book.

The photographic illustrations of the Villa Landor in the book are of recent date, showing the additional story to the tower which its late owner, Prof. Willard Fiske, had built on, altering the harmonious proportion of its structure. Miss Whiting very justly devotes some pages to Professor Fiske's unbounded hospitality to all visitors to Landor's villa, his scholarship, and his munificent gifts to Cornell University in his collection of scarcely rivalled libraries of Dante, of Petrarch, and of Icelandic literature.

English Hours. By Henry James. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

In this ornamental volume Mr. James has collected sixteen essays on English scenes and occupations. They have all appeared before, eight in 'Portraits of Places' (1883), four in 'Transatlantic Sketches' (1875), four in collections that had been made from the magazines. That entitled "London" appeared first in the *Century* for 1888, made a reëntry in 'Essays in London,' and has been illustrated afresh by Mr. Pennell for the present work in a style very different from the earlier pictures that he drew for it in the *Century*. The excuse for this new collection is that it possesses a unity of interest denied to the other editions of Mr. James's essays of travel, which ranged from Venice to Niagara. He gives us here under one cover all that he has had to say about England from time to time, from the early seventies, in fact, down to the opening of this century—from the days when he drank in the impressions that beset the passionate pilgrim in England, who so much better than its inhabitants, as he says in "Chester," can appreciate "the 'points' of this admirable country," to the hours when, as an old inhabitant himself, he set out to recite the obliterated history of Winchelsea and Rye.

"And even with this, after all, the imagination can play. The wide, ambiguous flat that stretches eastward from Winchilsea hill, and on the monotone of whose bosom, seen at sunset from a friendly eminence that stands nearer, Rye takes the form of a huge floating boat, its water-line sharp and its bulk defined from stem to stern—this dim expanse is the great Romney Marsh, no longer a marsh to-day, but, at the end of long years, drained and ordered, a wide pastoral of grazing, with new Romney town, a Port no more—not the least of the shrunken Five—mellowed to mere russet at the far end, and other obscure charms, revealed best to the slow cyclist, scattered over its breast; little old 'bits' that are not to be described, yet are known with a small thrill when seen; little lonely farms, red and gray; little mouse-colored churches; little villages that seem made only for long shadows and summer afternoons."

So run the long, undulating sentences of this later essay, with its style so markedly other, so far more complex, than belongs to his work of the seventies.

Throughout all the sketches the keynote of Mr. James's admiring interest is precisely this air of history, either obliterated, or still (for even this sight, in Europe, stirs his imagination) in the making; and he can thrill at the sight of the "imperial machinery" of Woolwich as his eye rests on "the interminable façade" of the Royal Artillery Barracks. As he passed in his hansom (in one of his "exploits" or "adventures" as he regularly calls any sort of undertaking, from a cab drive to opening a book) the statue of Queen Anne facing Ludgate Hill, "all history appeared to live again, and the continuity of things to vibrate through my mind." What impresses his imagination as he gazes down the Row is the thought that every important member of English society has "bobbed in the saddle between Apsley House and Queen's Gate. You may call the roll if you care to, and the air will be thick with dumb voices and dead names, like that of some Roman amphitheatre." And what makes the Row more interesting than, say, the Coliseum, is the continuity of it all. For Mr. James, as for many, the charm of London lies mainly in the fact that there, of all places in the world, "the balance of many tastes is struck," a thing "only possible in a very high civilization." For him the ponderous and solemn London club is a sympathetic haunt. "What is the solemnity but a tribute to your nerves, and the stillness but a refined proof of the intensity of life?" Such a settler finds even the London fog friendly.

Mr. James has made no alterations of importance in republishing these sketches. In that entitled "Old Suffolk," however, he has in one passage modified the original with some risk of confusing his readers. On page 323 he alludes to FitzGerald as already dead, though at the close of the essay he retains the date 1879. FitzGerald died in 1883.

Mr. Pennell's illustrations, which number over three hundred, are, we need hardly say, of great merit and interest. They are decidedly impressionistic, and would evidently be more effective in color. Occasionally their descriptive titles are highly necessary, as in the case of that facing page 180, which looks precisely like the bathing beach of Atlantic City in August, and is about as horsey; it is called "The Start for the Derby."

Mohammed and the Rise of Islam. By D. S. Margoliouth. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. Pp. xxviii., 482. Maps and illustrations.

This is a very disappointing book. The author is a competent Arabist; he is thoroughly acquainted with the sources which have much increased quite recently; he appreciates the value of the modern psychological studies in religious enthusiasm; he is in sympathy with the historical criticism of early Islam by Goldziher, Nödeke, Wellhausen, etc. He starts, also, from a—so far—excellent position. "I regard," he says, "Mohammed as a great man who solved a political problem of appalling difficulty—the construction of a state and an empire out of the Arab tribes." But, for all this and much more that is excellent, the English life of Mohammed is still to write, if it has not already been written in Muir's larger work. The root of the trouble seems to be that Professor Margoliouth regards Mohammed as, in the first instance, a shrewd politician, and only in a secondary fashion as interested in religion. Religion was a means for him towards an end. The salvation of his own soul had not lain hard upon him, though his mediumistic performances—for so his revelations are reckoned—may have been suggested to him by some earlier experiences. These, also, were tainted by the imposture before which all mediums sooner or later fall. His environment, too, is depicted in the same way, and as of much the same nature. The genuinely religious influence and effect upon his followers is minimized, the scheming, grasping aspects are emphasized.

Now all this, it can hardly be doubted, takes hold of the matter at the wrong end.

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Mohammed was wonderfully successful as a founder, but it was as founder of a religion which animated and united, not of a state and an empire. That came later. He left behind him no organization; he left only a community permeated with certain ideas. The central point is there. He was a man of ideas, not of affairs. His own conversion and all which led to it had been very real to him, and sent him out to others. His trance experiences and the revelations therein were also, in the earlier years, very real to him; he took his mission seriously. So one very weak point in Professor Margoliouth's picture is that he does not emphasize, nor apparently understand, Mohammed's relation to the Arabian *kahins*, his likeness to whom he once or twice touches, but only touches. Mohammed, in truth, was a *kahin* with a difference, just as the greater Hebrew prophets —Samuel, Hosea, Isaiah, etc., were comrades of the mobs of prophet-dervishes, but with a difference. When he began to tamper with his trances and use them for his purposes, is a problem, but there can be no question about his seriousness to begin with, and it is a large question but he may have deceived himself to the end. The annals of Oriental mysticism are full of examples of perfectly certain self-deception which to us are perfectly unintelligible.

Nor does Professor Margoliouth seem to have allowed weight enough to Mohammed's moral earnestness. The earlier sections of the Qur'an are a veritable gospel of the poor. Kindness to the unfortunates is reiterated, and if the insight is not as deep as that of Amos, it is equally strong. The burden of the misery of life lay heavily upon him, even as it is pictured in so many of the old Arabian poems, and the fear of Allah is invoked as a quickening force. All this receives scant notice. Nor is justice done to his literary ability. That he was a great artist in rhymed prose—though, most curiously, absolutely incapable in verse—is nowhere brought out. Yet it was a source of his power, and, by neglecting it, Professor Margoliouth leaves his influence really unexplained. As always in Arabia, it took an orator to do his work. Arabia, in his time, was passing through the last of a great poetical period. He was one of its products, but, incapable of the technique of verse and urged by his nature into religion, he turned his literary power into prophetic utterances after the fashion of the soothsaying ecstatics whom he had known.

Hence the disappointment with this book. Professor Margoliouth seems to have been led astray in the first instance by his formula about solving a political problem. In the second instance, he has been affected by comparative studies in enthusiasm and imposture, along with the psychology of conversion and the like. I. W. Riley's psychological study of the founder of Mormonism, and Podmore on modern spiritualism, have influenced him, and Starbuck's book on conversion. All that is excellent in its way, and such investigations give us the clue to much on the dark side of the mind. But sympathy is needed also, such as Prof. William James, in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' feels and shows for his queerest cases. Of such sympathy there is no whit here. This book might have been written by an eighteenth-century deist or a middle nineteenth-century secularist, for whom all religion and religious emotion were fraud. Such may not be Professor Margoliouth's attitude; it certainly seems to be his basis in treating Mohammed. Yet, whatever may be said of Mohammed's later life, with its undoubted conscious or unconscious fraud, in his earlier there was much spiritual enthusiasm, much moral earnestness, and the command of language which marks a poet, all three of which made him a force, gathered for him a community, enabled him to rule it to his death, and to leave it as the germ of the Muslim state. But to interpret that calls for sympathy, such sympathy as Professor Lane-Poole gave to the companion figure of Saladin in this series; not for cynicism, however incisive, keen and cool-headed. Professor Margoliouth is too clever to see primitive facts.

The "Samson Agonistes" of Milton.—The "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.—The 'Sartor Resartus' of Carlyle. By J. Macmillan Brown. New Zealand and London: Whitcombe & Tombs. 1905.

Before—let us hope, some time before—taking his prescribed seat on a ruined arch of London Bridge, the legendary New Zealander has resolved to make a detailed study of the literature of the decaying Empire. The New Zealander at present in question, Mr. Macmillan Brown, was for twenty-one years a professor in Canterbury College, Christchurch—the greater part of the time lecturer on English literature. It may surprise readers who think of the colony under the Southern Cross chiefly as a laboratory of State Socialism to learn that, in that most English of colonial towns, this enthusiastic professor gathered together and year after year kept intact the largest English literature class in the world outside of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Some two hundred students eagerly followed courses of which much was heard in the other colonies of the group. We have for some time been, and are now still better, in a position to appraise the lectures that attracted such audiences and (through the scattering of their auditors all over Australia) have exerted an influence on the entire continent.

In the volume too modestly entitled 'Manual of English Literature,' published in 1894, Professor Brown, perhaps for the first time, applied to English literature the concept of evolution which Brunetière and Maurice Souriau were at that very time applying to French literature, and which Pypine was afterwards to apply to Russian literature, Adolf Bartels to German literature, Leslie Stephen to the literature of the eighteenth century, and Wilbur Cross to the English novel. Three volumes on "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and 'Esmond' gave the outside reader specimens of a new type of instruction in English literature. Studies of all kinds in Shakspere we are familiar with: within the last twelve months Professor Bradley of Oxford has published lectures that recall Professor Brown's; but "the treatment of a contemporary work of fiction by the same methods was then new in literary teaching (for it is ten years since the lectures were locally published and many more since they were first delivered). The three volumes named above have since been additionally published.

We naturally turn first to the freshest and most attractive—the volume on 'Sartor Resartus.' Taking down the book one day from his sister's bookcase at Dumfries, Carlyle said of it that "it could have been written only at Craigenputtock." He little dreamt that "the rugged Orson of a book" he wrote there "with his heart's blood" would one day be anatomized in an island in the Western Pacific where, at that time, hardly a single white man was to be found. Professor Brown takes the right point of view in studying it. Carlyle once said to Froude that the only part of the book that was autobiographical was that relating to his conversion; and when one of his secretaries announced that he was composing a biography of the master on the basis of 'Sartor,' Carlyle's wrath exploded in a letter to the *Athenæum* too Swiftian to be printed. Mr. Martin was right, nevertheless. Our professor conclusively shows that 'Sartor' is autobiographical all through. From Froude's biography, from Carlyle's letters and 'Reminiscences,' and from the recollections and observations of others, he sheds illuminating light on the whole. Carlyle's parentage and early surroundings, his personal history and habits, his mental and moral characteristics, his literary style, his philosophy and his religion, are there mirrored as they are not even in the essays of his most sympathetic critics—Thoreau and Burroughs.

The author applies the same autobiographical method to the two poems. "Samson Agonistes" is Milton Agonistes. The poet had at one time projected a "Samson Hybristes"—Samson the Insulter—and such a poem would have reflected the Milton of the prose pamphlets. But now the struggle was over and the situation changed. The poet, too, has been literally "blinded by his enemies." It is Milton who appears at the gate of the prison in Gaza—his retired house in Bunhill Fields, where he is guided by some helping hand to find sun or shade, and dreads mobbing or assassination if he ventures forth. His career had been Samson's; both had been champions of a high cause and had passed "twenty years of obscurity and struggle" in aid of the fickle crowd that had now forsaken them. Samson's "wounds immedicable" were Milton's very own. Yet both have still a great part to play. The physical strength of the one and the spiritual power of the other have come back to them. Samson's last feat and Milton's epic have a strange resemblance. Point by point our colonial professor elaborates the parallelism; and who will say that it is fanciful? But Professor Brown is genetic as well. Samson in the poem is a compound of the primitive wild man, delineated in the original folk-tale, and the wise, far-seeing patriot and judge who has been idealized from a single verse tacked on to that tale. The composite portrait is still that of Milton.

If the study of "Samson" is the most delightful of the three volumes, the lectures on the "Prometheus" are the most important. Alone of Shelley's fast aging works, that greatest of lyrical dramas still enchains those who knew it almost by heart in their youth. It is here examined in all its aspects—its Greek progenitor, its art, its central figure, its minor personages, its

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lovely female characters, the play as revealing the nature of the poet and as reflecting the age. Professor Brown opens up new depths in the character of the demigod. His nature has undergone a purification: it has been redeemed by suffering; it has been reconciled with nature. Throughout the play the ethical interest is supreme. As he analyzes it, the author's thought takes a wider sweep. With a glowing imaginative eloquence that seems to belong rather to the pulpit than to the professor's chair, he describes Shelley's dream of the future, its inevitable disappointment, and the nobler vision that arises out of that. We can understand that such lectures should have moulded the lives as well as trained the minds of their auditors.

Daughters of the Puritans: A Group of Brief Biographies. By Seth Curtis Beach. Boston: American Unitarian Society. 1905.

It makes a great difference in a volume of memoirs whether it shows marks of really original thought and investigation or is due more conspicuously to a pair of scissors. This book belongs distinctly to the latter class; and though the material is good and well put together, it lacks freshness. The author has used pretty faithfully all printed matter relating to his subject; but there is absolutely no evidence of that added exploration of manuscript material which is now demanded by the thoughtful reader. In dealing, for instance, with Margaret Fuller Ossoli, there is nothing to show that the writer has explored any one of the five bulky volumes of her letters and memoranda in possession of the Fuller family in Cambridge; or (what is especially to be regretted) that mass of manuscript, now the property of the Boston Public Library, which is practically the sole source of direct knowledge about her Italian life. Its materials were not merely used, but liberally misused, by her first biographer, the Rev. William Henry Channing. His printed extracts prove absolutely misleading at some points, the manuscript having been freely rewritten in many places by him, and creating sometimes a distinctly false impression. Hence the importance of examining the manuscripts.

In this dearth of direct and original information, Mr. Beach, of course, draws freely and not always accurately on books; thus, in speaking of Madame Ossoli's girlhood (p. 174), he says: "Cambridge was then, according to Col. Higginson, a vast, sparsely settled village," whereas the latter only calls it a "quiet academic suburb," and says that it was divided between three detached villages. Mr. Beach's phraseology is elsewhere quite misapplied, as where he speaks of "the unpolished manners of Mr. Garrison's paper, the *Liberator*." Of such a phrase, one can say as Wendell Phillips said when the colored orator, Charles Remond, called George Washington a villain: "Charles, the epithet is infelicitous."

Here and there, also, we find minor inaccuracies, as where it is twice stated (pp. 274, 278) that in 1860 Miss Alcott "was becoming a regular contributor" to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the fact being merely that she published two stories there in that year and two others three years later. A mere reference to the 'Atlantic Index' would have prevented this.

Among the authors selected as the subjects of this volume, Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Ware are now pretty well forgotten, though they doubtless deserve something better. There is also a strange waning in Mrs. Child's literary reputation; and even as to Mrs. Stowe and Miss Alcott this is in some degree true. It is to be remembered that Miss Dix was not, properly speaking, an author, but that her career was, as Mr. Beach well says, "a romance of philanthropy." He is, perhaps, wise in giving so little space to her service in the civil war as superintendent of women nurses, inasmuch as her career in that respect yielded some disappointment. She had always been accustomed to acting alone, and moreover, she construed her limits in selecting nurses very closely, from the point of view of a maiden lady of sixty-two, and this amid the loud complaint of wounded soldiers. One of her circulars, for instance, ran thus: "No woman under thirty years need apply to serve in Government hospitals. All nurses are required to be very plain-looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black, with no bows, no curls, or jewelry, and no hoopskirts." Such minute restrictions awakened some natural irreverence among the wounded soldiers.

The young widow of Major-General Lander, for instance, was practically excluded because of her having been an actress, until after establishing herself at Beaufort, South Carolina, where she waited at her own expense until the battle of Olustee gave her sudden and unexpected freedom for most beneficent action. There is a story told of her that, at the very outset of her enterprise, when the wounded men were being brought in from the transport steamers and placed on hastily collected beds in a deserted building which had been assigned to her for hospital uses, she heard a shy knock at the front door, and, on flinging it dramatically open, saw before her, a small Episcopal clergyman who had been sent to Beaufort for his health. He had just arrived, and had been directed to her "for a comfortable lodging," as he said. He timidly introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. So and So from New York. "Delighted to see you, sir," cried the impassioned lady with her most impetuous glance. "Can you dress wounds?" she added in a tone which would have suited Lady Macbeth. "Spiritual wounds, madam," he replied, still more shyly. "'No time for that, sir, now," she responded; "that hospital is awaiting its patients. Good morning, sir!" And he hastily withdrew from the scene, leaving Lady Macbeth to her duty. It would doubtless have been a scene quite melodramatic in the eyes of Miss Dix, but perhaps the wounded soldiers forgave it.

We cannot well complain of Mr. Beach for not inserting the anecdote, especially if he never heard it; but we could at least wish that he had persuaded his publishers to allow an index at the end of his work.

The Wives of Henry VIII. By Martin Hume. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

Queen Mary of Modena. By Martin Haile. London: Dent. 1905.

Having written 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' and 'The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,' Mr. Martin Hume once more associates politics with marriage in 'The Wives of Henry the Eighth.' How little of genuine romance there was in the life of this sovereign, we need hardly say; but Mr. Hume as an historian is always looking beyond the foreground of courtship and fixing his gaze upon the international diplomacy or the clash of parties which lies beyond. For Miss Strickland, of yore, the Queens of England had a deep personal interest, each one of them being dignified by the biographer and made to stand in the centre of the picture. It is characteristic of Mr. Hume's method that he should style the consorts of Henry VIII. his wives rather than his queens. With the six unfortunate women whose names are familiar to every schoolboy he has little to do, the title notwithstanding. The real motive of the book is furnished by his interpretation of the character of Henry VIII., for illustration of whose traits he turns to the quarter of matrimony. For ourselves we find the most striking feature of the book in the contrast it offers to Mr. Pollard's conception of the King. Mr. Pollard, it will be remembered, considers that Henry VIII. grew in intellectual power and political astuteness while his character steadily degenerated. Mr. Hume quite agrees to the fact of degeneration, but has a far lower opinion of Henry's mental gifts. Stating the case in terms of matrimonial policy, the issue assumes some such form as this: Was the King a clear-headed, though immoral despot, who knew what he wanted in the way of a wife, and was bound at whatever cost to place by his side the woman of his choice? Or, was he less strong-willed than is ordinarily supposed to have been the case, and, indeed, "a weak, vain, boastful man, the plaything of his passions, which were artfully made use of by rival parties to forward religious and political ends in the struggle of giants that ended in the Reformation"? Froude, of course, looked upon Henry as the masterful and intelligent ruler who carried council and nation along in his train; and Mr. Pollard, however severely he may tax Henry for cruelty and lust, adheres to the conception of strength. Mr. Hume, on the other hand, sees vanity, love of pomp, and instability of purpose where his predecessors have beheld a spectacle of powerful will and ruthless determination. Viewed thus, the critical part of the reign becomes a contest between Thomas Cromwell, on the one hand, and Norfolk, supported by Gardiner, on the other. In theology, as every one ought to know by this time, Henry was a Catholic; and after Cromwell had been made a scapegoat for the North-German alliance, he readily came to terms with Norfolk's party, which, albeit Catholic, was willing to accept the Act of Supremacy. Mr. Hume has, we think, belittled Henry's intellectual capacity, but the evidence which he marshals to illustrate his theory of light-headedness is neither meagre nor trivial. "The obstinate self-assertion and violence that impressed most observers as strength, hid behind them a spirit that forever needed direction and support from a stronger soul." In these words will be found the gist of a clever though inconclusive volume.

If Mr. Hume treats somewhat cavalierly the queens of Henry VIII. in giving their husband the leading rôle in his volume, the same neglect of his heroine cannot be laid to the charge of Mr. Martin Haile. His 'Queen Mary of Modena' is a genuine biography of the woman with whom ostensibly

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it deals, rather than an essay in political history or an account of the influence exercised by James II.'s wife upon the destinies of England. Close as has been the intellectual tie between England and Italy since the days of Petrarch and Chaucer, Mary of Modena is the only Italian princess who ever became the consort of an English king. For most people she is merely a name, and, when remembered at all, is generally associated with certain doubts relative to the legitimacy of James III. Bishop Burnet handed on to the Whig historians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a bad opinion of her, nor would the general reader attach much weight to the eulogistic words of Saint-Simon, who says: "The life and death of this Queen of England are comparable with those of the greatest saints."

Mr. Haile, in his extensive study of Mary Beatrice's life and character, has the advantage of drawing upon a copious correspondence. Naturally the most interesting portion of this covers the years 1685-1690—that is to say, the period of James II.'s reign and of his first years in exile. Regarding Mary's talents as a letter-writer, it is not possible to speak in language of extravagant praise. Mr. Haile begins his book with a quotation from the Duc de Broglie concerning the inestimable value to the historian of correspondence, and then proceeds: "Nothing can so make the dry bones of History live, or make us realize any given epoch of the past, as the perusal of the letters and dispatches of the actors in its scenes." Unfortunately Mary Beatrice, however pious and affectionate, had not the gift of communicating to paper any of the charms she may have possessed. The following passage from a letter written to the Cardinal d'Este on February 26, 1689, gives a fair sample of her epistolary style.

"It is a great consolation to the King and to me to hear of his Holiness's affectionate tenderness toward us. I hope we are not unworthy of it, and that the Pope will have the goodness to let the world see that his actions on our behalf correspond with his words, which in the present conjuncture would not be sufficient for us. . . . This King [Louis XIV.] certainly gives us great succours, and I hope his Holiness will do likewise, for without money we can hope for nothing good."

Later on in the same letter the writer speaks of being in great physical as well as mental anguish, but her correspondence contains little which is more sprightly than the passage we have just quoted. Mr. Haile has done as well as he could do on behalf of his heroine, and several of the documents he includes are well worth exhuming. But Mary of Modena, despite the depth of her attachment to the Roman Church and her connection by marriage with one of the most unfortunate of the unfortunate Stuarts, is not a very brilliant figure in English history.

Alexander Mackennal. By Dugald Macfadyen. London: James Clarke & Co. 1905.

The life of an English Nonconformist minister who was not conspicuous either as a pulpit orator or as a theologian, or as a leader in popular movements, would naturally seem to offer little opportunity to a biographer; but there may sometimes be more that is really helpful in the story of such a career as Mackennal's than in more dazzling records. His type of character is aptly described by Mr. Macfadyen as illustrating "the habit of probing a course of action to the heart of processes of thought; the wealth of points of view which sometimes puzzled his friends and interfered with his own decisiveness of speech and action; and, perhaps, also, that undervaluation of action in a world which is made by acts rather than thoughts, and the noble error of imputing to others readiness to give to thoughts and arguments and principles the same weight which he himself attached to them." This temperament wins the respect of the discerning few, but does not easily gain the cheers of a public meeting. Though Mackennal's name was not one to draw the crowd, his election to the chair of the Congregational Union, to the chair of the Council of Mansfield College, and to the secretaryship of the Free Church Council, at its origin, showed the value set upon his quiet and unselfish labors by the most competent judges.

If for no other reason, this book would have been worth writing for the revelation it gives of the rare courage of its subject. In March, 1900, it was Mackennal's duty to preach the official sermon to the Free Church Congress at Sheffield. It needs only a slight effort to recall the state of the public mind in England at this time, within the churches as well as outside them. It was the month after the relief of Ladysmith. At this moment of national intoxication, Mackennal uttered the following words:

"For many years the thought has pressed upon me that, if England is to fulfil her noblest destiny, she may be called to be a sacrificial nation. And I have had the dream that the sacrifice might be in the cause of peace. If England, in the plenitude of her power, should lay down every weapon of a carnal warfare, disband her armies, call her fleets from the sea, throw open her ports, and trust for her continual existence only to the service she could render to the world, and the testimony she would bear to Christ, what would happen? I know not, and the doubt, the knowledge that anyone who would speak of such a thing would not command a serious hearing, has made me a lonely man. But it comes again and again; the longing will not be repressed. It might be that Christ, whose 'finished work' is the trust of His people, would declare that the purpose of such a sacrifice is sufficient, that the example would be enough, and that the nation would continue to be, living and strong in the gratitude of all peoples. But, if otherwise, what then? Such a martyrdom would quicken the conscience of the world. . . . I am sure that so long as the vision of a martyred nation appears absurd and impossible, there will never be a Christian nation. This, also, I believe, that until our advocates of peace fairly apprehend that a nation martyred for Christ's sake may be within the counsel of God, their advocacy will lack its final inspiration and victorious appeal."

There is no thoughtful man who would not find treasure in this volume, but there is one class of the community to whom it may be particularly commended. When our younger clergy, of whatever church, are tempted to prophesy smooth things, let them read the biography of Mackennal. It will put iron into their blood.

Die Stahlindustrie in den Vereinigten Staaten. By Hermann Levy. Berlin: J. Springer. 1905.

This is a solid and thorough piece of monographic work, after the approved German fashion, with abundant footnotes, references and statistical tables, and with utilization of the various printed documents. Most of Dr. Levy's information and figuring is secured from familiar sources—the Reports of our Iron and Steel Association, and the huge mass of varied and unclarified matter published in the volumes of the Industrial Commission. But he has also sojourned and travelled in the United States, and conferred with various persons engaged in iron and steel production.

His subject is primarily the present state of the American iron industry. An introduction sketches the history of the industry since 1870, the effects of the tariff stimulus, the discovery and utilization of the extraordinary natural sources (a factor much more important than the tariff), the growth of the great iron companies, and the final formation of the overshadowing Steel Corporation. The bulk of the book is then given to an account of the state of the industry during the last five or ten years, and of the history and prospects of the Steel Corporation and two of its constituent concerns—the Tin-Plate and Wire monopolies. All this is set forth with discrimination and good sense, and with an array of figures and statements of fact that will make Dr. Levy's volume valuable even to Americans who have followed with care this remarkable phase of our economic history.

But Dr. Levy writes chiefly for Germans, and wishes to impress on his countrymen a conclusion which he justly thinks important for them, but which is also important for us. It is, that "dumping" is not the precise phenomenon shown in the recent exports of iron and steel from the United States. "Dumping" implies that a commodity is sold abroad or in some free market for less than cost, in order that the bulk of the supply may be sold at a better price in the home market. But our iron and steel is *not* sold abroad at less than cost. The price got abroad is high enough to pay for producing it; the domestic price is simply so much higher—it is an extravagant monopoly price, especially for such articles as steel rails and wire. The lesson for the German producers is plain: they must face here not sporadic "dumping" competition, but a permanent basis for an invasion of the world's markets, likely to become more serious whenever decreasing demand and falling prices appear in the United States. The lesson for the American consumer is not less plain: he is mulcted to pay excessive prices, kept up within the country because the tariff barrier prevents competition from without. In periods of activity like the present the American people pays for iron and steel—the great instruments of civilization—vastly more than is needed to give the producers a reasonable return; in periods of depression it still pays more, though not in the same degree.

Perhaps the growing competition with the Steel Corporation from concerns using the basic process will eventually call a halt to this sort of imposition; but, for the visible future, the situation is likely to remain substantially unchanged. The tariff on iron and steel, if ever needed as a stimulus for producers, is now an incubus for the community. How long will the American people submit to it?

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The Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns. By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph.D., Professor of Botany in the Leland Stanford Junior University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

There is nothing on the title-page to indicate that this is a second edition, carefully revised throughout and embodying a great deal of new matter. Professor Campbell is an ardent investigator, to whom Cryptogamic Botany is much indebted for substantial advance in certain directions, and he is, moreover, a clear expositor. The present work contains an interesting study of the probable origin of the great developmental lines along which our flowering plants and their flowerless allies have come. The riddles are not by any means all read yet, for there are many vast gaps which it is hoped may be filled by hints from the more extended study of fossils; but the progress of late has been steady, and, on the whole, satisfactory. It is, perhaps, worth while to cast into untechnical language the conclusions which have been adopted by Professor Campbell in the closing chapter of this useful volume. We hope it will not seem too much like attempting to present a part of the subject in words of one syllable.

The two great classes of seed-bearing plants are distinguished from each other in the following manner: One class (the Gymnosperms, the Conifers, and their kindred) have no true seed-vessels, but the seeds are practically naked, whereas the second class (the Angiosperms) possess true seed-vessels in which the seeds ripen. The second class comprises by far the greater number of our flowering plants. This second class is plainly divided into two subordinate classes, which are so clearly separated from each other that they are distinguishable by flowers, seeds, and, for the most part, also by the leaves and the stems. These two classes are called respectively monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous, according as they possess one or two "seed-leaves" in the ripened seed. Now the puzzle has been to find out the relations which these two groups bear to each other and to the naked-seeded plants, or Gymnosperms, of which we have just spoken. Under all these questions lies another equally perplexing, as to the relations which the flowering plants bear to the flowerless. Professor Campbell says (p. 605), "We believe that the evidence we have at present points to the Monocotyledons as the more primitive of the two divisions of the Angiosperms, from which later the Dicotyledons branched off. . . . It is also becoming evident that the dicotyledonous habit may have developed more than once." The seed-plants "represent not one single line of development, but at least two, and perhaps more, entirely independent ones, having their origin from widely separated stocks."

It is gratifying to remember that American botanists have contributed largely to the researches in plant-morphology upon which the above general conclusions are based.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Richard. A Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.
Almanach de Gotha, 1906. Lemcke & Buechner.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by James H. Moffat. Macmillan Co.
Burr, Agnes Rush. Russell H. Conwell: The Work of the Man. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.
Campbell, Wilfred. Collected Poems of. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Coriolanus, The Tragedy of. Edited by A. W. Verity. Macmillan Co.
Crane, Aaron Martin. Right and Wrong Thinking. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.40. net.
Forbush, William Byron. The Boy's Life of Christ. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25 net.
Franay, Gabriel. Axel. Paris: Armand Colin.
Handel, George Frederic. Songs and Airs. Vol. I.: For Low Voice. Vol. II.: For High Voice. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.
Harris, William C., and Tarleton, H. Bean. The Basses: Fresh-Water and Marine. F. A. Stokes Co.
Heart Throbs. Boston: The Chapple Publishing Co.
Holmes, William Gordon. The Age of Justinian and Theodora. Vol. I. London: George Bell & Sons. 9s. net.
Howard, Timothy Edward. Musings and Memories. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Hoyt, Arthur S. The Work of Preaching. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Kent, Charles W. Shakespeare Note-Book. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Laut, A. C. Vikings of the Pacific. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Living Church Annual, The. 1906. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 35 cents.
Löhr, Max. Der Vulgärarabische Dialekt von Jerusalem. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Lottridge, Silas A. Animal Snapshots. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.
MacManus, Seumas. Woman of Seven Sorrows. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. The Companionship of Books. Putnams.
Minerva, 1905-1906. Lemcke & Buechner.
Model English Prose. Edited by George R. Carpenter. Macmillan Co. 90 cents.
Moore, N. Hudson. Children of Other Days. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Murphy, Nettie Seeley. What of It? Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Newell, Arthur. A Knight of the Toilers. Philadelphia: F. L. Marsh & Co.
Odescalchi, Baldassarre. Il Libro del Viaggi. 2 vols. Rome: Roux & Viarengo.
Osborn, Albert. John Fletcher Hurst: A Biography. Eaton & Mains. $2 net.
Osler, William, Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Oxford History of Music. Vol. II. The Polyphonic Period. Part II., by H. E. Wooldridge. Vol. VI. The Romantic Period, by Edward Dannreuther. Henry Frowde. 15s. net.
Passmore, T. H. In Further Ardenne. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Paul, Herbert. The Life of Froude. Scribners. $4 net.
Prince, Morton. Dissociation of a Personality. Longmans. $2.80.
Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Vol. I.: 1900-1904. Edited by Anna L. Guthrie. Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.
Robertson, William Bell. Foundations of Political Economy. Walter Scott Publishing Co.
Robinson, Frederick S. English Furniture. Putnams. $6.75.
Sailors' Narratives of Voyages along the New England Coast, 1524-1624. With notes by George Parker Winship. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Sands, H. Hayden. The Valley of Dreams. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.
Sauter, Edwin. The Faithless Favorite. Published by the Author.
Scherer, James A. B. The Holy Grail. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Scholes, Theophilus E. Samuel: Glimpses of the Ages. London: John Long. 12s.
Scott, Duncan Campbell. New World Lyrics and Ballads. Toronto: Morang & Co. 60 cents.
Seippel, Paul. Les Deux Frances. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Selous, Edmund. The Bird Watcher in the Shetlands. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Shakespeare's King Henry the Fifth. Edited by Richard G. White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 25 cents.
Shaw, A. E. Michel de l'Hospital and his Policy. Henry Frowde.
Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Maryland. Edited by Christopher Johnston. Baltimore.
Tallentyre, S. G. The Life of Voltaire. 3d ed. Putnams. $3.50.
Thackeray's Henry Esmond. Edited by Hamilton B. Moore. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wallis, Louis. Egoism: A Study in the Social Premises of Religion. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Warne, Frank Julian. The Coal-Mine Workers. Longmans. $1 net.
Wilson, J. Cook. On the Traversing of Geometrical Figures. Henry Frowde.
Wolfenstein, Martha. A Renegade, and Other Tales. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. $1.25.
Wood, Robert N. Physicial Optics. Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Woolson, G. A. Ferns. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1. net.

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